THE NORTHERN CROSS

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That dog-mushing preacher-doctor missionary of Point Barrow
Who assumes all responsibility
Protagonist of "Top of the world" evangelism via Dolorosa
Done by Mimeograph. Illustrated, if at all, by Eskimo
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The Rev. John A. Marquis, D.D., LL.D., Gen'l Sec'y,
The Rev. E. Graham Wilson, D.D., Treasurer,
The Rev. Andrew J. Montgomery, D.D., Director,
156, Fifth Ave., New York City.

EDITORIAL

Extract from Minutes of General Assembly, held at Tulsa, Okla., 1928, being a resolution adopted on recommendation of the Standing Committee on National Missions, May 29.--

"Resolved, that the 140th General Assembly record its appreciation of the splendid work of the Missionaries of the Board who have died during the past year, and especially the noted service of Rev. S. Hall Young, D.D., who met death by accident near Clarksburg, W. Va., in July, 1927. With the passing of Dr. Young the Board lost its most outstanding pioneer missionary, whose fifty years of service has linked his name indissolubly with Alaska." (Italics, ours.)

In this connection be it remembered, that General Assembly approved a proposed Jubilee Fund of $50,000, in commemoration of the 125th anniversary of Home Missions of the 50th anniversary of the Womens' Board of Home Missions, and of the 50th anniversary of Alaskan Missions. Subsequent to the death of Dr. Young by accident in mid-summer of 1927, at the very time when he was en route East to take an active part in this Jubilee campaign, it was determined to change the name of this fund to "The Dr. S. Hall Young Memorial Fund." And this proposed change was officially made.

This "Dr. S. Hall Young Memorial Fund" was appropriated as follows:

$25,000.00 for a School of Religious Education in Sitka, for graduates of Sheldon Jackson School, who desire to qualify for the ministry or other service among their people
$7,000.00 for rebuilding two churches destroyed by fire, at Douglas and Kake respectively.
$3,000.00 for an Agricultural Mission at Hoonah, the long desired project of Rev. Geo. J. Beck.
$15,000.00 for a manse at Barrow, to replace the one destroyed by fire in 1924.

But, either through apathy on part of the Church at large, or causes difficult to get at, this Dr. S. Hall Memorial Fund of Fifty Thousand dollars is not yet complete notwithstanding the Jubilee Year closed with April 1st of current year. A few of the smaller allocations as per above have been provided for through special gifts on part of friends of Alaska, but the School for Religious Education and the greatly needed Barrow Manse are yet to be secured, the last report had indicating that less than half the fifteen thousand for the Manse is in hands of the Treasurer of the Board.

What is the trouble, back home, friends? Must the man on the "Firing line," engaged in this most arduous and difficult campaign upon a field than which there is none more isolated and problematical in all the world,-- must he be so sorely handicapped through the home-folks failing him? Is it not enough that one deny himself (and his family, too,) take up his cross as to alluring opportunities within the states that he may be true to conviction and give his all to Arctic Evangelism?-- Must he in addition actually do without a shelter for his family in face of arctic storm, cold and darkness? -- Must it be "Rubbed in" after this fashion? Think it over, you who enjoy the comforts of home. THE MANSE MUST BE REBUILT.

Another extract from Minutes of General Assembly, 1928, page 73, covering report of the Standing Committee on National Missions.--

"The Assembly deplores the condition which made necessary the expenditure of $34,500.40 as interest paid on money borrowed to enable prompt payment of missionaries' salaries during the year, and earnestly commends to churches the policy of remitting at least quarterly, all funds to avoid this wasteful and unnecessary expense in the future."

This may or may not be an indication of lack of sympathy, or lukewarm regard, toward the missionary. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."-- So, "Bring all the tithes into the store-house." And, you Church Treasurer, get busy. The workers of the National Board are a worthy lot, even tho we willingly sold our Packard cars when we left home and now because of modest salaries are eating cornmeal dodger and bacon, and wear threadbare clothing. We are doing it all with a smile, but we wish you to smile with us. Send that remittance to the Board. Do it now. And in the meanwhile add a generous sum for that house up at Barrow, for -- THAT MANSE MUST BE REBUILT.

The writer spent some four months during the summer of 1927 on board the Mission-launch, PRINCETON, in South Eastern Alaskan waters within the limits of Alaska Presbytery, and through close personal contacts and an intensive study of that interesting field is most thoroughly convinced that the SITKA SCHOOL FOR RELIGIOUS EDUCATION is all but a sine quo non as to the future welfare of our various mission enterprises within Alaska.

Because of reduced budgets and consequent necessity for retrenchmentupon the field, Alaskan Missions are today seriously suffering for man-power. Alaska Presbytery has particularly felt this pinching, and several thoroughly trained men have had to be allowed to go. And that Presbytery in turn believed it necessary, in the

effort to maintain the status quo, to license young native men as preachers to their people. No question is raised as to the zeal of these licentiates, but it is to be deplored that lack of educational facilities opens the door under present budget conditions, permitting these relatively ignorant and untrained men to be thrust into positions of grave responsibility. Notwithstanding the argument in defence, that these Indian workers naturally enjoy a psychological approach to those of their tribes difficult or impossible to the white missionary, it is nevertheless believed to be a situation fraught with peril to the church. The policy of Yukon Presbytery as to the Eskimo is more conservative to date notwithstanding our sore need of more workers. That School for Religious Education at Sitka, to serve natives from both presbyteries, Indians and Eskimo alike, will solve under God serious problems. May the Lord lay it heavily upon the hearts of churchmen to rally to the support of these enterprises. Alaska is praying.

GOOD NEWS

Just as we go to press October 1st, we have late word from the Board of National Missions (as of September 14th,) through Rev. A.J. Montgomery, D.D., Director of the Alaskan work, that, the Barrow Manse fund now shows "A total of less than $11,000." This is good news to those of us in this far North, particularly since the last report as stated on a previous page was to effect that, "Not quite half of the required $15,000 is in hands of the Treasurer." Now we appraach the eleventh post. But, as in a race, we need to do some lively hustling, and some energetic 'rustling' as well. Know the meaning of that Western word? To rustle is to seek out, to secure to get, to so activate ourselves that opportunity for failure is eliminated and success is taken for granted. So, friends, as said the colored preacher when the collection failed to meet his most sanguine expectations, "We sure am thankful for dese pennies and de few nickels but we am mightily in need of more; so, Bro. Johnsing, you will now pass de hat again and rustle a little more." We actually need the entire amount, $15,000, for--
THAT MANSE MUST BE REBUILT.

The following amounts are the budgets for Alaska missions during recent years. The story needs no comments; neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet are required to interpret correctly their meaning. And yet, few within the states can have any adequate comprehension as to how seriously these gradually reduced stipends have crippled our service and worked hardship to the men upon the field. But here are the figures:

In 1926 the budget was				$50,000.
1927	"	"	"	49.800.
1928	"	"	"	45,500.
1929	"	"	"	42,500.

In four years the two presbyteries of Alaska, "Alaska" and "Yukon," have been cut as to budgets just 15%, and as compared with last year we are this current year cut 6½%. The present indications are that we must suffer another cut next year. These cuts are being had all over the field of the National Board, among the Mormons, in Porto Rico, amongst the Mexicans and everywhere that we carry on work with untouched peoples. If cuts must be had next year, it is feared that some fields will have to be closed up, and the National Board will have to decide what fields have permanent value as missionary adventure and which do not.

Said Jesus: "Occupy until I come."

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature

GRACE CHURCH OF NENANA

Grace Church, of Nenana, Alaska, (Henry W. Greist, M.D., temporary pastor,) one of four white churches which, with the four organized Eskimo churches within the arctic, comprise Yukon presbytery, is situate on the Alaska rail road some four hundred miles from the southern coast, and upon the Tanana river, occupies a unique position. It is at the very cross-roads of Alaska's vast interior. Many tourists drop off here annually to take the river boats which connect with the railroad trains, or visa versa, having come up the river, stop here to take the trains for the coast. This tourist business is growing steadily, for in all the world there is no finer trip than that by ship from Seattle to Seward, thence by rail to Nenana, and on by river boat to the mighty Yukon, thence up to Fort Yukon and on by stage and otherwise to Skagway, then by ship again down by Haines Mission (twelve miles only from Skagway) to Juneau, Wrangel and Ketchikan on back to Seattle. 'Tis becoming more and more a popular trip. To see America first involves this most scenic of all trails. You have not seen America until you have looked upon mighty Mount McKinley, towering 20,464 feet high, the tallest peak within the United States, and first climbed by Hudson Stuck, Archdeacon of the Yukon, (Episcopal,) in 1913.

Nenana is at the cross-roads. It is here that trappers and traders outfit for the long interior trips by dog sledge or small motor boats. It is here that mails from the far North, from Point Barrow on south, finally by boat in summer or by dogs in winter, upon the waters or ice of the Yukon river, reach Nenana, and, here are transferred to the Alaska Rail Road to be taken on to the southern coast to be there again transferred to the shipping of the sea, by which they finally reach far Seattle, to be distributed by rail to all points of the compas.

Nenana was visited by President Harding on his Alaska tour, and here drove the golden spike which connected the now completed two sections of the Government Rail Road, and at the northern end of the wonderful million dollar bridge, the longest single span structure of its kind in all the world, barring on only and that in Italy. Nenana was then a cosmopolitan city of some 2,000 population, modern as to public utelities, and with every prospect of remaining the metropolis of central Alaska and of continuing its phenomenal growth account its very stategic position as to rail road and river. And about that time the Rev. Robert Joseph Diven, D.D. organized Grace Church, and built the splendid church building and manse connected as two units, and made of Grace Church a self-supporting congregation with a strong membership, a vital factor as to evangelism within this great teritory.

But a combination of unfortunate circumstances, perhaps largely due to a short-sighted cranky mayor who undertook for reasons unknown to "Buck" the officials of the Government Rail road in their program of expansion as to the City of Nenana, blocking them in at least one important matter, that of the erection of a central fire department house, claiming as he foolishly did that sooner or later the Rail Road would unload these public utelities upon the City which henceforth would have to support them by a heavy tax rate. The General Sup't of the Road became sorely vexed, and at once began a systematic discrimination against the City. The great shops of the Road were removed to Fairbanks, the Government Hospital, built by the Road, was closed and another built and maintained in Fairbanks, and in time the terminal city became the metropolis of central Alaska notwithstanding there was every good reason why it should have remained as it was, Nenana. Nenana has

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slowly retrograded since, and while her strategic position assures her a permanent advantage over Fairbanks not to be sold or otherwise disposed of, a birthright peculiarly splendid, nevertheless her glory that was is for the present eclipsed.

Grace Church could no longer support a pastor and became a charge upon the Board of National Missions, and, because of reduced budgets account persistent deficits, has practically been without a pastor since the Rev. Rob't R. Marquis was transferred from this pastorate to the Sunday School Department and became Sunday School Missionary for Yukon Presbytery, serving Nenana incidentally only,-- Grace Church as he could, and this since 1925.

In July of this year, Dr. H. W. Greist was sent here to serve the church pending his return to the far North. He found a total membership, locally, of but nine souls, others being scattered far and wide. But Grace Church is the only protestant church in Nenana proper, St. Mark's Mission (Episcopal) serving the Indians primarily and is located some distance without the city, but is loyally supported by white communicants from Nenana. There is a very splendid feeling of cooperation between the two congregations, and because each has but one service on Sunday, the members of one attend the service of the other, and thus are maintaining the two.

Recently a mission was held in Grace Church, the two pastors uniting whole-heartedly, and for five days evening services were held, very largely attended by business-men, by trappers, by old "Sour-doughs", and it is believed the results will be far reaching. Rev. John F. Youel, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Fairbanks, came down and preached two evenings. The Archdeacon of the Yukon, Rev. L. F. Kent, locally in charge St. Mark's, occupied the pulpit another two evenings, while Dr. Greist officiated as preacher one evening. The five sermons by the three men were carefully planned in advance, and all fitted together as a unified whole. The great fundamental doctrines of the church were covered as fully as might be, "God, the Father" (by Grace only), "The Historical Christ," "The Divine Christ," "The Universal Church," and "The Holy Spirit and Life Everlasting."

THE BARROW NURSE

We as yet have no definite word from either New York or Barrow as to whether a nurse succeeded in getting off in time. Great difficulty was being had at last report in securing a qualified worker for the post. How Dr. Newhall will manage without such help is to the writer an unknown quantity, he having had three nurses when there and an efficient matron as well, and all were busy. 'Tis true, Mrs. Greist had no official or regular duties in the hospital, but having had long years special training and service within hospitals, and having specialized in surgery, she was of inestimable help in connection with our major surgery up near the pole, and in addition carried on as only a competent nurse and mother can, the BARROW BETTER BABIES CLUB, teaching sanitation, and the thousand and one things a good mother should know.

But to attempt to do the work on that thousand miles of arctic coast without an effient nurse-- with no nurse at all within the hospital, beggars description. It is infinitely worse than to be forced to make "Bricks without straw." The writer would challenge the church to name any point any where in the world whereat an up-to-date hospital, properly conducted and managed, efficiently manned, proficiently served with nurses, can do a more monumental work in the name of Him who likewise went about doing good, healing the sick, comforting the distressed, and the while revealing

The Way. We serve many more Eskimo than does Dr. Grenfell, or rather we have the opportunity to do so-- face the challenge, but as a matter of fact the Grenfell corporation in New York maintains so highly efficient mission that no embarassment is had upon the Labrador field account lack of worker, equipment or other essential,-- it is a thorough going business proposition. Were the Point Barrow Mission as well organized, equipped and served, we could and would, under God, out-strip the other far and away and merely because of the greater opportunities in arctic Alaska. We are unaware of the amount of money put into the Labrador Mission annually by the Grenfell corporation, but we venture to guess that it is several times the amount allowed Point Barrow. And do you know, that much Presbyterian money goes into the Labrador mission field?-- and from those who seek independent avenues through which to make contacts upon the field of evangelism. This is no secret in New York. If these large givers would, or but could visit our far North station and learn at first hand our crying needs, observe the heroic endeavor of workers, the sore handicaps under which we labor, it is a safe venture to allege that Dr. E. Graham Wilson would be more nearly swamped than he now is with letters containing drafts of goodly denomination, and with these checks there would be letters somewhat as follows: "Use this-- send it where it is most needed, but use it, and as God allows I will send more, for, whatever happens, we must maintain the missions of our church."

But we are perhaps said to be far afield. We were discussing the lack of a nurse for Barrow Hospital. It is a safe assertion that Dr. Grenfell would readily loan us half-a-dozen and not be seriously embarassed thereby, but the distance is too great.

TATO, THE POLYGAMIST

Polygamy was never the rule among the Eskimo, nor does it seem to have beem other than rarely indulged. Polandry has been known, the former scarcity of women being the reason given for one woman taking two husbands, but for one man to maintain two wives -- well, it at least meant that his economical status justified it. Promiscuouity was occasionally had, at feast times and particularly during the days of whaling when the Eskimo was given white man's liquor or taught the manufacture of an iniquitous article made from flour, molasses, raisins perhaps, and yeast. But those days are long since past. The Eskimo of Alaska will favorably compare as to morals with almost any people anywhere, this being at least true as to all territory wherein missionary service has been had. Indeed, the high moral tone of Point Barrow village would put to shame many white communities within the states could the real facts be known.

The writer's wide acquaintance among the Eskimo of Alaska since 1920 has resulted in the knowledge of but one case of polygamy. Tato, a prosperous and outstanding native of Shishmareff, a village within the limits of our Cape Prince of Wales mission, but one in which, saving when Dr. Greist spent some three days there in 1920, we have never done evangelistic work, -- Tato, a man of mature years, perhaps sixty years of age, gray haired, but tall and vigorous, was long known to maintain two wives, a matter utterly at variance with the letter of the statutes of 1917 which admitted the Eskimo to citizenship, the right of suffrage being extended, but with the proviso that in all matters they must comply with such laws as controlled the whites of Alaska.

In time Tato was cited to appear before the Federal judge in Nome to explain why he thus did violence to

all law and order. In this particular court of the Federal judge justice is meted out to the Eskimo in a very informal manner, much as with juvenile courts, where tecnicalities and subterfuge are practically unknown. Tato presented himself duly, nor had it been necessary to send a United States Marshall for him.-- The Eskimo are anything but moral cowards. When his case was called, he voluntarily arose and like a king walked forward and stood at bar, with an open countenance looking the judge squarely in the eye, and the following dialogue was had between Tato and the elderly bachelor judge.

Judge.-- Tato, is it true that you have two wives?

Tato.-- Yes.

Judge.-- Don't you know, Tato, that such is in violation of the law?

Tato.-- Yes, but Judge, I tell you how it is; my first wife, now old woman, blind, crippled with Rheutism, can't cook, can't sew reindeer skin and make fur clothing, can't put clothes on herself, and can't eat without help. She helpless. So, me get young wife to care for old wife.

Judge.-- Tato, you have been very thoughtful of your old wife's comfort, but that does not alter the fact that you have violated the laws of this great country. You are guilty of bygamy, and we send white men to prison when they so violate the law. Tato, you can have but one wife.

Tato.-- But, Judge, old woman good wife for long years; she mother of my children; she suffer if I not have young wife care for her.

Judge.-- But just the same, you can have but one wife.

Tato.-- Judge, people say you no wife.-- Plenty money, no wife.

Judge.-- Yes, I am a bachelor-- never had wife.

Tato.-- Then, Judge, maybe you take old woman, give her good home, so me keep young woman to sew for me and children.

With this, court was precipitately adjourned, the case was nollied, and at last accounts Tato yet had his two wives.

COAL FOR POINT BARROW

The fuel bill for Point Barrow mission exceeds in cost all other expense items, not excepting salaries, and that because all coal must be shipped from the states at very heavy cost as to freight, dockage, insurance, long-shoring at Barrow, etc, the final cost being from $50. to $75. per ton in our bins, and bituminous coal at that. There is no wood on that far north coast. There is a splendid coal mine down coast one hundred twenty miles at Wainwright inlet, where coal is easily mined upon the surface, from the face of a bluff within sixty feet of tide-water and within a bay The difficulty, however, has ever been the problem of transportation. That coal can be had at a cost not exceeding $15 the ton at the mine. It has been recommended that with a small motor boat to cost not more t than $2,500. and a barge to be sent up knocked down, the missionary can put that coal within our house at a net cost of not to exceed $25 the ton, thus making the boat and barge pay for themselves within a short while. This coal, mined during the summer, could be removed to Barrow in part by the boat and barge the remainder drawn over-land in winter by our tractor now there, attached to bob-sleds. The mission at Point Hope (Episcopal) thus get all their coal for church, manse, and school, some forty miles through the mountains, a far more difficult trail than that at Barrow would prove, that mission hauling all of it even at forty degrees below zero with their tractor, using kerosine or coal-oil in radiator of the tractor, bringing some twelve tons at one time.

UNDER CARE OF PRESBYTERY

Roy Ahmeogak (now of Barrow,) Andrew Akochoak (now of Barter Island, some four hundred miles East from Barrow,) and Percy Ipalook (now a student in Sheldon Jackson School and a senior,) have been taken under care of Yukon Presby-

tery. They have not been licensed. Roy A. and Andrew A. are ruling elders within Barrow Church. Roy and Percy have had three years of systematic English Bible under Dr. Greist, while Andrew at great expense left his trapping, closed his island home, and brought his family to Barrow and lived in a rented house one entire year, that he might enjoy intensive study in the Scriptures, doctrine, and simple church history, and then returned to the far eastward and to his neighbors, where on Sunday he gathers from twenty to thirty souls into his large one room home and there, all sitting about him upon the floor, he teaches as best he can the Way. After a little more study, it is probable that Yukon presbytery will license him as a preacher. In time it is hoped to establish one o or more small churches with native licentiates in charge, within this six hundred miles of arctic coast to which territory as yet the Barrow missionary never goes for lack of travel facilities. Percy Ipalook hopes to secure some college wo work, if not seminary study, ere he goes back to Barrow, that he may have employment under the Board of National Missions. Percy is a hard working student, a young man of exceptional character, and is held in high esteem by Dr. Jas. H. Condit and others of the faculty of Sheldon Jackson School, and by the student body as well.

As a sample of the propaganda being systematically carried on by various cults and organizations opposed to orthodox Christianity, rarely does the name of an Eskimo, prominently connected with our mission service, appear in print of our church organs, than immediately he is flooded with literature issued by Christian Science, the Russelites, Doweyites, Holy Rollers, or other people. One such young man brought to the missionary some twenty different periodicals or pamphlets had from various cults, and because his name had appeared in an evangelical publication with a photograph-cut appended thereto. We enjoyed a bonfire forthwith. Even before he had appealed to his pastor he had suspected something wrong from something he had read. Verily we live in perilous times as to the church. Satan is very busy.

THE POTENT GOSPEL

"Will God bless a marred testimony to His Son?" -- one asks. From personal experience we know not, nor do we care to experimentally learn. In all our preachments we have heralded the Incarnate One, His Deity, His essential virgin birth, His full atonement for sin, His bodily resurrection from the dead, His coming again, and the plenary inspiration of Scripture, its absolute inerrancy as to faith and practice. We know this, that the Holy Spirit wondrously blesses this full recognition of the Person of our Lord, that with this testimony as a support the Spirit works mightily within the hearts of men. And it cannot be questioned that, even a primitive people, as the Eskimo yet are in many cases, the essential fundamental doctrines of sin and the Atonement are readily grasped in so far as it is necessary for any believer to comprehend that he may intelligently enter upon the Christian life. And we have among this people many of the younger generation who are splendid Bible students, who will readily give a (Biblical) reason for that faith which is theirs.

BLUBBER

The fat from the seal, walrus, and whale is the main fuel of the Eskimo. There is no timber of moment North from the Arctic Circle, and at Barrow the largest tree growing is smaller in diameter than a common lead pencil. The blubber, cut into small bits the size of an egg, and tossed

upon small bits of drift-wood had from the sea, after this kindling is well ablaze, makes a very hot fire. Anciently, the seal-oil lamps were used largely, great open pans, with partitions therein not unlike the pans used in making maple syrup saving in size only. These "lamps" were carved from out stone, and were in size from 15 inches to 30 inches in length, straight on one side but oval on the other, like the half moon. These were very shallow, not three inches in depth, and the oil was rendered out by hanging a bit of blubber above the "lamp". Along the front edge, moss was placed, and this acted much like the wick of the Greek lamp. The flame was rather white like that from a kerosine lamp, but extended the whole length of the "lamp" if the old woman, the grandmother perhaps, whose duty it was to "tend" the stove so cared. These lamps are yet used in some places to a limited degree and will maintain comparative comfort within an igloo.

Blubber as such is not eaten saving under stress of dire necessity. Rendered out by a process peculiarly their own, the Eskimo use the oil extensively, maintaining that when by circumstances, as is even yet sometimes true, they are forced to an exclusive meat diet, the oil is then a very real life saver. Ordinarily, the meal of the average Eskimo family differs little from that of the American home, rolled oats well cooked, tea, coffee, biscuits well made from white flour, or even white bread, and some canned fruit.

STEFANSSON TRIES IT OUT

Vilhjalmur Stefansson, of some repute as an arctic explorer and now for some years lecturing extensively upon his work, recently in a New York hospital tried out the experiment as to an exclusive meat diet over a long period being a causitive factor in the development of Scorbutus, this having a bearing, it With all due respect to Mr. Stefansson, had he but left this problem to a competent medical observer with experience within the arctic, such well-advertised-through the-newspapers trial would have been all uncalled for. Many hundreds of skulls of long time dead Eskimo have been carried from Point Barrow to New York museums for study ethnologically. Few if any of these skulls, having the lower maxilla as well as the upper, intact, will show caries of the teeth in even skulls of old people. The writer has examined at Barrow many such skulls and cannot remember having ever observed a bad tooth in such old person's skull, anciently dead, dead while the Eskimo were yet largely if not entirely subsisting upon an exclusively meat diet. And as a rule, all teeth were intact altho much worn.-- The maxillae were full of teeth. Nor has the writer ever seen such skull which as to the oral cavity gave evidence of scorbutic disease during life, either scorbutic or rickitic diseases. And the very old who yet live rarely will give oral evidence of ever having suffered from Scurvy. It is believed that this disease was rare. The writer has seen it on the arctic coast, caused from eating half rotten meat in an emergency, when nothing better could be had, and after some weeks of such diet. But to subsist for from four to six weeks in a hospital on a meat diet and, that, well-prepared, good meat, is in the judgment of the writer void of any proof pro or con. It constitutes good press-notice material, but little else. The writer believes that, given reasonably fresh seal, walrus or whale, fish or fowl, and eggs during the short summer only, with absolutely no vegetables or fruit, a man can live a rugged and healful life indefinitely, and that notwithstanding any and all propaganda to the contrary by our friends the vegetarians. And it is believed that beef and mutton would likewise prove satis-

factory, but would gravely question a diet largely of or well mixed with pork. Pork would be taboo.

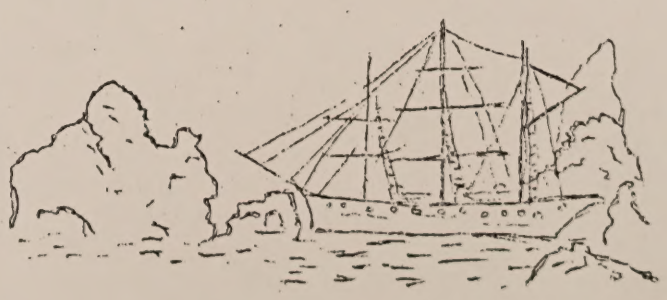
Barrow needs a community room badly. The children and young people have no place in which they may congregate for games, for reading, or social diversion.

En route down coast one terribly cold day, with the sun so far below the horizon at noon as to enable one to see but a short distance ahead, we ran directly into a polar bear trying to escape out onto the frozen sea. I unfortunately had no rifle (a rare occurrence,) and we were five hundred miles from a tree, forty miles from the nearest house, and consequently we could do but one thing, stand still and hope for the best. That bear seemingly was as anxious as were we, for he made all possible haste to get away. The writer carried a heavy Colt revolver but had forgotten to wash therefrom the light lubricating oil, and at 55 degrees Fah. below zero the "3 in 1" oil was frozen and the action would not "work." And within another ten miles we saw six more bear, some out on ice, bathing in open water, climbing upon high ice crags and then tumbling off into their icy baths. None were very far from us. Ned my guide, carried a heavy tho old and rusty rifle, but he would not use it for fear of merely wounding a bear who subsequently would perhaps attack us, and Ned was there to protect his missionary. Finally, after much urging, he did shoot, but, as I really believe, purposely missed old Bruin, who by that time had walked out onto the ice and had climbed upon a berg some fifty or seventy-five yards from us. The bear did not even dodge the bullet, so far as we could see, so I am sure Ned did not try to hit him.

AUTUMN MEETING YUKON PRESBYTERY

The regular fall meeting of Yukon Presbytery will be held in Cordova, at the First Church, the 29th, 30th, and 31st insts., (October.) Five presbyters are expected to be present, since it is hoped that Dr. James H. Condit from Sitka will be able to attend. Reverends John E. Youel of Fairbanks, and Henry W. Greist from Nenana, will have to start the 26th in order to reach the place of meeting in time. Alaska distances are very great -- 'tis some 750 miles these two men will necessarily travel, by train and by sea. Anchorage First Church has called a pastor who will be present at presbytery, but unfortunately we are unable to give his name at this time.

Captain John Backland, Jr., who took his father's ship, the "C. S. HOLMES" to Barrow this year account his father's serious illness, did not learn of Capt. John Backland's death until the arrival off Barrow. It was then that, through the new Government wireless station at Barrow the sad news reached the son of the senior Captain's death in Seattle. A terrific storm then came on and for days young Captain Backland fought for the safety of his ship, tieing her behind an ice berg and successfully, great hawsers being passed around ice masses. Unloading her priceless cargo for Barrow hospital, she left for home, only to run aground on an island off British Columbia, not far from Seattle, tearing off a bit of her keel. She got off this grounding successfully, and it is assumed is now safely at home.



POOR CAPE PRINCE OF WALES

Cape Prince of Wales church; organized by dr. Henry W. Greist in 1921, and with eighty-seven communicants, has been vacant since Dr. and Mrs. Greist were transferred to Point Barrow that year. Neither pastor nor other worker has been there since. After the American Board abandoned that work many years since, that people suffered much. The church was maintained by the people themselves, one woman of sterling Christian character Nora Ootona, a wealthy Eskimo, having maintained the Sunday School and acted as Superintendent, and teacher of the Bible Class, for eighteen years, or until she with one hundred ninety seven others died from the "Flu" within one week that of the Holidays, 1917--'18. But Dr. Marquis visited that village in 1919, and returned to New York and arranged with the American Board to take over the work, and in 1920 the Greists were sent to attempt to rehabilitate that splendid old mission.

On being transferred in 1921, on authority of the Board of Home Missions the promise was given this people that another worker would soon arrive-- provided he could catch the last boat out from Seattle that autumn. Evidently the "last boat" has never sailed, for the missionary is yet awaited by that praying church. There is no finer bunch of Eskimo in all the world than there. Distracted by free lance preachers, by this and that strange cult seeking to sidetrack them, they have with a mighty faith held on, hoping and yet hoping with each year that a pastor may be sent them. Not less than five hundred Eskimo are within the limits of Cape Prince of Wales mission. They deserve our best. But that deficit annually had -- ah, it has worked many hardships upon the field, and Cape Prince of Wales Church has felt it seriously."

"And remember, I am with you always, day by day, until the close of the age."-- Jesus. (Weymouth)

LATEST WORD FROM POINT BARROW

Under date of July 12th, the NORTHERN CROSS has word from Dr. A. W. Newhall now there to effect, that in the fire which destroyed the Government School building last winter the Mission has again been unfortunate and has sustained some loss in that all records for our new Phonograph sent up for new Manse were burned. Also a new kitchen cabinet received for the prospective manse evidently loaned the school teachers, went up in smoke. In addition to all this, two beds and bedding intended for the new manse are also no more.

Long John, an outstanding Eskimo and a "pillar" within that church is dead. Apiow, one of the finest of nature's noblemen, a devout Christian man, one with whom the writer has spent more than one night when on the arctic trail he drove his dogs on and on through darkness, cold and wintry blast in order that he might have the shelter and fellowship of this Godly mans home and companionship, is also gone hence to be with the Lord. Capt. Roald Amundson call-him friend, he too having been a guest on at least two occasions within Apiow's hospitable one room cabin long miles from Barrow. We mourn these two brethren, but well know their gain is great.

The mission tractor, wanted for years and finally sent up, has blown out a cylinder head through carelessness on part of a native put in charge of it. These tractors cannot be handled like a dog sledge. It is questioned if inexperienced natives should be allowed to handle so expensive machinery until thoroughly trained by a competent teacher. The Eskimo for countless generations has met problems other than motors and intricate machinery, and the writer has yet to meet an Eskimo or Indian who can be trusted thus. They appear as believing machinery can run without oil, and is proof against any and all "monkey business." Some white men are as bad.

ROALD AMUNDSON

In the death of Captain Roald Amundson all true lovers of ths North lost a friend. We ever discovered the latch-string of his winter quarters in Wainwright hanging far out-- had dinner with him more than once when he with pride prepared the meal himself. Genial, cultured, broadly educated, his acquaintance within the lonely arctic was a rare treat. And when we left his cabin to return to our headquarters at the trading post of Captain Jim Allen, Captain Amundsen invariably walked half the distance with us, a matter of three miles, when with a warm hand-shake he would turn and retrace his steps. His respect for the missionary was unfeigned, his faith in God apparently unqualified. We mourn his loss to the scientific world and to men of the "Three B's of the North," Blood, Brains and Brawn.

H.W.G.

—

CARIBOU A'PLENTY

Not less than 300,000 caribou are estimated to be near Nenana, now migrating southward for the winter. One herd was seen by competent observers said to have been ten miles long and one-half mile wide. They are said to be more plentiful this year than for a decade.

—

PHILIP OF WALES

The boy at Wales, Philip, who has been bed-ridden from Tuberculosis of the spine since 1920, is now dead. He was befriended by a prominent Presbyterian surgeon of Indianapolis, who sent him gifts to give a ray of sunshine. Philip was an expert ivory carver which work he did while on his back in bed.

—

Four airplanes reached Barrow this year, all privately owned, in corporation service. Government planes have never gone there.

—

HOPSON OF BARROW, SIR

A. H. Hopson, Sr., of Barrow, announces that he has retired from active connection with the Cape Smythe Whaling and Trading Co., It is near fifty years since Mr. Hopson left old England, shipping as a mere lad to seek his fortune at sea. And for forty years he has been associated with Mr. Chas. D. Brower of Barrow, President of the great whaling and commercial company of the far North. Mr. Hopson has maintained his boyhood communion within the Church of England, but Mrs. Hopson in a member of Barrow Presbyterian Church

Mr. Hopson writes that his three children within the arctic, Alfred, Jr., Steven and Ellen, have each presented him with a grandchild during the year, this being in our judgment something well worth while to retire to. This gives him nine grandchildren locally, and there are others within the states, if we err not.

Mr. Hopson has personally known every explorer of note within the arctic since 1885, and because of his geniality, his endless stock of stories of sea and land, his versatility upon the banjo and accordeon, his extensive knowledge and skill as an ameuteur photographer, both with the camera and in the dark room chemically, his mechanical skill with boats and engines, his unqualified skill as a cheff on occasion, -- all this has attracted to him a host of friends who from all parts of the world to which they have scattered wish him well. With a good cigar and a book of value, he finds relaxation. Further, he is always ready to extend help to the wives of missionaries and teachers as well who, newly arrived within the arctic find many puzzling problems in connection with house-keeping. He will advise them as to cooking frozen vegetables, frozen meat, as to how to keep eggs so you may live with them from the arrival of the annual ship in August until the next ship arrives, twelve months hence. He will tell you how to serve three

kinds of ice-cream from one freezer, and will also instruct the housewife in the art of cooking a sea-duck so a white man will eat it, an art in very truth. And, strangest of all, he can and will give you the "Sourdough" secret of "Yeast when there 'aint' no yeast," as to how to make your bread "Rise" in an atmosphere of 50 below. Fertility in expedients, seems to have been the secret of Mr. Hopson's success throughout a long and varied arctic career during which he has gathered a vast store of practical information along many lines. When last in Liverpool he entertained a bunch of businessmen in his brother's club, and did it to their lasting delight, answering their hundred and one questions as to the arctic regions, and then -- as successfully entertained his sister's friends in relating the many problems of the Alaska trail and particularly as to "Sourdough" bread, "Raised" in a jug within your sleeping-bag at night, your body heat maintaining the required warmth. Mr. Hopson owns the finest dog-team in Barrow, but thereby hangs a tale which we will relate in another issue. His career has been a notable one, and honorable withall. We take off our hats to Hopson of Barrow. May he live long and enjoy the fruits of a well spent life.

—

KATE ALLEN

Miss Kate Allen, daughter of Captain and Mrs. A. J. Allen of Wainwright, graduates this year from the training school of one of San Francisco's best hospitals, and has long entertained the hope that she would be employed as a nurse within our "Farthest North" hospital. But the serious cuts within our budgets have caused the National Board of Missions to reduce us to one nurse only, and of course the Head Nurse must be a woman of mature years and experience. May be later on Miss Kate will be sent up. We hope so for we have known her long and favorably.

Miss Ann Bannan, for three years Matron of Farthest North Hospital, Sup't of the Juvenile Sunday School with its one hundred or more kiddies the while used too as social worker throughout the village of Barrow, who was transferred to Wainwright as Social Worker in 1926 and in the village did so wondrous work among the sick and afflicted, came out on furlough in 1927. Illness forced a prolongation of that rest period; however, but surgery within Mayo's hospital in Rochester restored her once again, and she gave faithful service for a time to the Promotion Dep't of the Board among Wisconsin churches. On leaving a church one night, she slipped and fell, seriously injuring her spine, and it has been a question as to how long she would be again laid up. Word comes to us, however, that she is again recovering nicely, and we unite with her many friends in thanksgiving to God, and in the hope that she will be able to return to the field the summer of 1929 as planned. Her home address is, 701, Hubbard St., Green Bay, Wis.

—

ONLY TWO CENTS

Many missionaries receive large mails, letters from far and near, friends, but strangers, too, and all wish replies. Why not enclose a stamp to cover that reply? It means little to you, but to the small salaried worker on a far field it means much in the aggregate. We know.

—

THE "NORTHLAND"

The new Revenue Cutter, "The Northland", one of the finest of the new Naval vessels of small tonnage intended for coast guard service, was specially built for the arctic service. We looked her over last year at Juneau from bow to stern, and she is a beauty. She takes the place of the old and now honorably retired Revenue Cutter "Bear" which for fifty years has served Alaska. On the BEAR

went Dr. Sheldon Jackson to Barrow in 1890. On the BEAR he first brought reindeer from Siberia to Alaska shortly thereafter. On the BEAR Dr. John A. Marquis attempted to reach Point Barrow in 1919, but not only as far North as Icy Cape, the old Revenue Cutter being there cut off from further progress by the ice pack, to which the BEAR tied up and waited for nine days, hoping for favorable winds which would drive this barrier to sea. And on the BEAR have many missionaries gone into the arctic to serve and be spent. We remove our hats to this grand old ship, the BEAR, of undying fame, exclaiming the while, Pax vobiscum.

—

ANCHORAGE FILLED

The First Church of Anchorage has called Rev. Emil L. Winterberger, of Fairmount Church, Eugene, Ore., who is expected to arrive on the field in time to attend Yukon Presbytery, to be held Oct. 29th - 31st at Cordova.

—

NEVER HEARD OF JESUS

A ten year old boy (white) came into the Nenana manse recently, and when David Greist took him into the church and told him of our Sunday school etc., the boy exclaimed wistfully, "What is Sunday School?- what is Sunday?- What is church?- Who is Jesus? He had often heard the name of our Lord used as the great American swear word, but had no knowledge as to Jesus being a Person, no religious training whatever. And without being coached thereto, David spent an hour instructing him, and David is likewise but ten years of age. Verily, a "Child shall lead them."

—

As was feared, the new Government wireless station at Barrow is giving poor service as yet. It is possible, cold weather and the arctic night may result favorably. McMillan has no such handicap, and because of better natural conditions.

—

THE LATEST MARTYR

No less than three mothers have died in Wainwright within the year and for want of medical care. In absence of a physician, or social worker who would exercise at least moral authority, one Joe, a successful trapper and large deer owner, who has however long cherished an ambition to become a he-doctor-man, has found opportunity to realize his goal. His one sovereign remedy for all ills, from in-grown toe-nail to a complicated lying-in case, is seal oil,-- internally, externally, and extensively, and with the sum-total result that the cemetery is rapidly filling up. At least five freshly made graves are now there, monuments to his skill as accoucheur, the last being that of his wife, Carrie, a very splendid mother of four little tots who survive her, and two of the remaining four graves are those of Carrie's twins, infants who perished with her.

Of course Joe has been guilty of a fearful mistake, but who is on last analysis responsible?-- Who created this impossible situation in Wainwright? Not since Miss Bannan came out on furlough in 1927 has the church had a representative there, one who would at least have exercised suasion in getting these expectant mothers up to our hospital in Barrow, not impossible as to distance. They have been left to shift for themselves, both in the church and out of it.

How long, O Lord, how long must Thy deserving ones, the innocent, childlike and helpless peoples, suffer because of the selfishness, or mayhap lukewarmness, the all but Laodicean state of Thy church, which has been by Thee so greatly favored? (Rev. 3: 14--19.)

—

Rev. John E. Youel, of Fairbanks faces a peculiar challenge, that of the University of Alaska, with its large student body. The "Spirit of Alaska" prevails, but "Chapel" is unknown. Remember Youel, you who engage in the ministry of intercession.

The Northern Cross

DECEMBER 1925

Facts as They 'Aint'
Where Angels Fear to Tread
Long John
An Experience at Point Barrow, 1924
Stated Clerk, Yukon Presb'y, 'At the Bat'
Copper River Missionary Work
An Intolerable Condition
Yukon Presb'y in Session
Lest we be Misunderstood
Sam's 'Moving' Pain
Name not Necessarily Acceptable,
Because Biblical
Offering at Barrow
When Johnny Went to Sleep
Correspondence
A Strange but True Providence,
At
Barrow in 1923

Our Mission Service within Alaska is all under Care of the Board of National Missions, the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A.

All contributions for this work should be sent directly to the Board's Treasurer, the Rev. Dr. E. Graham Wilson, 156, Fifth Ave., New York City. If for Alaska, so state in your communication.

Dr. A. J. Montgomery, 156 Fifth Ave., New York City, Director of Town and Country Work, is immediately in charge the Alaskan service, and should be addressed as to executive matters, Alaskan.

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The Board has an Executive Committee of twenty-four, composed of those persons whose names are starred.

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Walter L. Johnson

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OFFICE:
Presbyterian Building, 156 Fifth Avenue,
New York

The Northern Cross

Volume I. NENANA, ALASKA, DECEMBER, 1928 Number 3

EDITORIAL STAFF-- Editor, Rev. Henry W. Greist, M.D., Fellow A.M.A.
Associate Editors: The Reverends John E. Youel and Bert J. Bingle.

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FACTS AS THEY 'AINT'

In Volume II. Minutes of General Assembly, 1928, Report of the Board of National Missions, facing page 96, is a cut of the various buildings of the Point Barrow mission as they appeared prior to Xmas week, 1924, and opposite is this caption: "What He saw at Barrow" -- referring to Capt. Wilkins' flight over the Pole/from Barrow.

But the manse had burned to the ground two years before Wilkins saw Barrow. Hence this suggestion.-- Let us change that statement, causing it to appear, WHAT WILKINS DID NOT SEE. Incidentally, we will thus not only tell the truth, all the truth and nothing but the truth, but while at it will get in a splendid bit of promotion for the proposed new manse for which we have labored so hard for four years. -- You are welcome, Gentlemen; no charge.

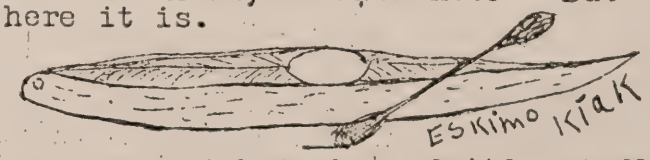
That reminds us.-- Not infrequently, publicity matter of the Board has shown a cut of a splendid team of dogs, accompanied by this statement "The missionary (at Barrow) travels by dogs in winter, and by 'kiak' and 'oomiak' in summer." A bit of real art, that picture; the dogs were borrowed and posed. It looks well in print, and proves interesting reading for the missionary society, or family about an open fire of a winter night, back home, don't you know. But the entire truth is more appealing. Listen.--Yes, we do travel by dogs in winter, and that means during near ten months of the year. Dogs?-- Eskimo dogs, poor dogs, under-fed, half-starved, illy cared for, never housed, broken spirited, native owned, and Malmutes at that, the "Fightenest dog that ever travelled on four legs," as said an old 'sourdough'. These dogs will ordinarily average not more than three miles per hour, but in an emergency can with the whip be forced to four miles per hour. The latter speed seems to be the legal limit. Four 'old timers' of the North, white men, owning average teams as white mens' teams go,-- Jim Allen of Wainwright, Chas. D. Brower and A. M. Hopson of Barrow, and Tom Gordon of Barter Island,-- these men have dogs which without exception will average 7½ miles per hour and for ten hours at a stretch, and in an emergency will average ten miles as easily. Those dogs are stabled at night, are treated humanely, fed properly, were bred well and are a pride to their owners. Furthermore, they are a very real asset, as essential to the man of the Arctic as is a horse, automobile or other means of travel, street-car, sub-way, or what not, to the man in states.

In 1924 the writer made a trip of five hundred miles up the coast from Point Hope in company with Captain

A. J. Allen. Jim drove his own splendid team of dogs. We had two selected teams of Eskimo dogs, in charge of two experienced Eskimo, Burt Panigeo having few peers in all Alaska as a trail man, and he was in charge the dogs. We left camp at the same time in the morning, always. And yet throughout the fortnight we consumed in that journey, each and every night Jim was in camp from two to three hours ere our arrival, and had not only made camp "Snug and tight" for the night, but had gotten supper, eaten, and on our arrival was very generally lying comfortably in his heavy fur sleeping-bag, either smoking his "Pipe of peace," or, with a book in his hand, was dozing and otherwise resting after a hard day of travel in low temperature. Ere we had the frost and icicles from off our faces and had removed our heavy parkas, Jim was pouring out great cups of hot coffee and had plates heaped high with fried reindeer ready and served, having kept it waiting for us. And so it has proven throughout every winter and for years. We do travel by dogs, or rather with dogs. Jim says: "Why not invest in an up-to-date automobile, such as my outfit; that slow-moving bunch of canines reminds me of my grandfather's one-hoss shay." But we advise him that we are missionaries, merely.

—

The "Kiak," -- did you ever see one? Go to the Field Museum in Chicago, or to the great museums of Natural History in New York, and there visit the Eskimo exhibits. You will observe a small, very short, very narrow, one-man hunting-boat, not over seven or at most eight feet long, all decked over saving a small "man hole" like opening in the top through which the user is expected to thrust his legs, and then sit flat upon the bottom and risk his life upon the water. Notwithstanding our many years within the far North we have never ventured within one. Our life insurance lapsed of necessity when we became a missionary. Miss Augusta Mueller, of New York, for four years our junior nurse in Barrow hospital, and a lover of real sport, hired an Eskimo to build one for her. And then, throughout the short three months of near-summer she sought with infinite pains to master its tricks and its moods, but not upon the sea. As with every Eskimo boy in early childhood, she was limited to the friendly surface of a quiet pond of shallow water in front of the hospital. Mr. Chas. D. Brower, for forty years in business within the arctic and now in Barrow, uses the Kiak upon that aforesaid pond when he comes over to the mission for an afternoon chat, but it is a matter of record that he has never ventured to sea in so unreliable craft. Mr. Brower is a cautious and most sensible man. The Kiak will, on the slightest excuse, roll in the water, as would a section of broom-stick, and until one has learned the exceedingly difficult "Chinese puzzle" of maintaining ones equilibrium within the affair, one has not even remote business within the Kiak. But here we attempt to draw in outline the picture of a Kiak. It looks easy, we freely admit. But much seems easy until tried. When Mr. Harry Riley, expert accountant of San Francisco, brought to Barrow to introduce modern accounting within the various branches of The Cape Smythe Whaling and Trading Company, tried to teach its intricacies to Jim Allen down at Wainwright, Jim finally scratched his head in true Irish style, saying the while: "Harry, that is most terribly hard." "No," said Riley, he of the Irish name if not ancestry,— "No, Jim, it is easy, once you get it through your head." Then retorted Jim: "Yes, and so is whaling easy after you have had forty years experience." Maybe that is the way with the Kiak, we know not. But here it is.



The "Oomiak," what of it? A flimsy affair, a mere frame-work, built not with bolts, not with screws, but by lashing together most ingeniously, bits of drift-wood, a mere skeleton, over which is stretched tightly a covering of skins skillfully sewed

together while wet, and then become as tight as a drum-head when in position. These boats are oft times quite large, at Cape Prince of Wales as long as forty feet, and will carry thirty adults. In the far North they are smaller, and for a reason, it being necessary there to wage an incessant warfare with ice conditions, so the Oomiak is lighter and smaller, fewer men being able to lift it from out the water and in an emergency carry it up onto and across an ice floe, or even over pack-ice. Manned with from ten to twelve Eskimo, each with a paddle (never oars,) the craft also having a sail, a tiller, and a very long rear guiding paddle The Oomiak was anciently extensively used, but the modern whale-boat is now being imported from Seattle, and most well-to-do natives own one or more of them, the oomiak being more and more relegated to the reserve list.

The hazard of the oomiak lies in the treacherous sea, the ice, the ever changing winds, the erratic currents of the sea which flow today to the Westward with the speed of the Ohio river, and over night, for unknown reasons, will change to the Eastward. If now, the wind either changes and proves contrary, or entirely dies and a calm follows, the Eskimo must depend upon paddles. If contrary winds assail, and the currents join therewith, the ice-pack may suddenly loom up, perhaps cutting off the hapless boatmer from shore. Hundreds of Eskimo have thus lost their lives, and like seven good men and true in 1925 have never been heard from more, bits of the boat in this last tragedy having been later picked up two hundred miles down coast (there carried by the strange currents,) the sole evidence of the hardy hunters' fate.

In 1923 we consented to be taken to Point Barrow from Barrow proper, some twelve miles, on Sunday, to hold a long deferred afternoon service. We had eight boatmen , sail, paddles, and that thoroughly bad proposition within the arctic, an Evinrude outboard motor. The service closed at 3 P.M., and immediately we left for home. The Evinrude, of course, at once "balked." The wind, earlier from the Westward and which had helped us up to Point Barrow, had brought in the ice in scattered masses, which now had to be carefully dodged. There was little or no wind. . We used paddles. Then the wind arose, but it again came from the West, and we were forced to contend therewith. We hugged the shore account the ice menace and could not tack. It was 1:30 A.M. when we arrived in Barrow, worn out, wearied beyond words, much of it due to that anxiety experienced lest we ram our boat with ice. The coast was uninhabited, a desolate stretch of low sand bars. Had we been forced to swim ashore that September night, we would have all but perished ere we could have walked to Barrow. Thus do missionaries "Travel by Oomiak." That was our last experience. A motor launch is the only practical boat in those waters. With it one can dodge ice floes, can outrun the wind, can meet anv and all emergency conditions, even changing currents. With it he feels safe,-- is safe. But, with the Kiak or the Oomiak?-- well, the less said the better. The capable missionary is an asset to not only his family but to the church. They are hard to find as to the arctic.

It is not the fault of the executives of the Board that the missionary at Barrow is situated as he is. The budgets must comport with the income of the Board. The church at large has "Fallen down" in recent years as to benevolences, and our budgets have been successively reduced in accordance therewith. We are facing the probability of another cut next year. Where the end is to be, we know not. In the mean time, we travel with dogs of a sort and because we must, but we beg to be excused from the kiak and oomiak.

—

to him, This is the Lord's Day. Some try to drive them away, but they would not go, and then me shoot. But I have been plenty sorry for doing that on Sabbath."

Then the minister sat down by this old soldier of the Cross and tried to explain away his fears as to the Law, and in the end he brightened up and promised to not feel anxious longer.

—

GALATIONIZED?

A splendid man and his wife, and two little children, one a babe in arms, were driving westward toward home from some three hundred miles East of Barrow. Dogs travel slowly, particularly if food has been scarce and the trail long and difficult. There came a time when the dogs were out of food, and on that desolate coast there were no houses and no meat to be had. It was Saturday night. The dogs were chained to their stakes out in the snow and storm, hungry. The man and his wife read their Bible and then prayed over the situation. The morrow was the Lord's Day, and not since they had become Christians had they travelled on the First day of the week. But -- how could they avoid it now? Point Barrow was one days distance only, and if they should start early they would arrive in time to feed their dogs Sunday night. The dogs would hardly travel on Monday if they were to go hungry this night and all day Sunday. Besides, would it not be as sinful to allow the dogs to go hungry so long and then to force them to travel thus? So, they drove all day Sunday and reached friends and dog-feed Sunday night. But, when Communion day arrived, they, too, sat back alone and sadly shook their heads to the elder passing to them the Bread and the Wine. The minister went to them and gently urged them to accept of the Lord's Table, but the wife insistently declined. Later, and alone with them, the writer secured the above story. Then again it became necessary to explain that even the Lord on occasion travelled on the Sabbath Day and went about His felt duties. Galationized? -- Yes.

"FOR I DETERMINED NOT TO KNOW ANYTHING AMONG YOU, SAVE JESUS CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED." I Cor. 2: 2.

The writer believes, that if an untouched people are led to accept Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior, and with reasonable intelligence, all else as to ethical problems will be readily solved. To stress ethics is to create the impression that salvation results from keeping the law of the white man's God. We know whereof we speak. It will all but inevitably do it. Taboos are a curse without adding thereto. So, we have always sought to bring men into relationship with Christ Jesus as personal Savior, incidentally but not too prominently teaching ethically, explaining it all as the fruits of the Christian faith. It is our opinion that men can be legislated into the kingdom of God neither by statutory enactment nor through ethical preachments. "Blue laws" may be essential to the control of the lawless, but such measures, even tho enforced, result in no converts to Christ. It is far from our Lord's method, and in the judgment of the writer too many missionaries have mistaken ethical results for that which can come alone through the operation of the Holy Spirit upon the heart of the individual. So, we hold aloft the Cross, and stress it and all it means or should mean to sinful men, reminding our people that Jesus Christ is now a risen and living Savior from sin, not in sin. 'Tis all of grace, friends, at least it is upon the mission field and we venture the assertion that experience proves as much at home. So, why stress works?

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A little girl of some sixteen years came to the manse in Cape Prince of Wales one Sunday morning half-an-hour before service and said: "Missionry, I am hungry for Jesus; my heart aches for Him. You will have communion today, and O, I so wish to sit at His table." I said, "Daughter, let us talk to Jesus about that." And we got down upon our knees there and then, and within a very short while she left the old mission house with a bright and smiling face.

THE STATED CLERK, AT THE BAT DRIVES THE BALL FAR AFIELD AND MAKES A HOME RUN.

THE PRESBYTERY OF YUKON is distinguished among the presbyteries in at least two interesting particulars,-- farthest North and largest in geographical extent. It is largely a project of the Board of National Missions. In its bounds are eight organized churches, four of them among the Eskimo people to the North and West, and the others for the whites of the vast interior and the southern coast. All these churches are now manned with efficient missionaries, settled into their winter strides, and doing steady, progressive work except that at Cape Prince of Wales, now long vacant. The large congregation on St. Lawrence Island, in Bering Sea, is functioning as a native church, and, while ready for organization, is likewise vacant, pastorless, and is suffering because of serious neglect. Two qualified men and money sufficient should be ready for supplying these two centers so strategically important, and by early summer. Long and patiently these consecrated Eskimo Christians have been waiting and praying for the coming of white pastors. If ten missionaries were appointed, and $100,000 were appropriated for our work along the Bering sea and Arctic cod coast, it would not prove an extravagent investment of men or money. The great Presbyterian Church ought to make up for past neglect and lost time by being more than generous with attention and adequate support for providing a great humanitarian and Christian program for our Eskimo people. Here we are alone with this responsibility. If Presbyterians fail to occupy the field and furnish the service it will not be done at all. Our faith leads us to believe that American Presbyterians having knowledge of the needs, an awakened conscience, and a lively sense of their stewardship, will take a firm grip on their task in Alaska and will do a great outstanding piece of promotim work for Christ and His kingdom, especially in the Arctic during the next ten years. John E. Youel, S.C.

COPPER RIVER MISSIONARY WORK AS VIEWED BY AN AMATEUR.

Tourists come to Alaska and are disappointed to discover the people as intelligent, as modern, and as natural as are the people on the 'outside'. Seeing these characteristics they say: "Why send missionaries and invest money in Alaska?-- I see women who wear just as good clothes as we do in the states."

In the first place, Evangelism needs promotion because of the variety of religious organizations represented in this country. People come to Alaska from all parts of the world, cutting loose from their church alters and all too often leaving what little religion they may have had, behind. Emigrants from the states and from Europe as well appear as believing that Alaskans are not religious, hence they proceed to be very irreligious. Some are merely indifferent. They quickly escape moral restraints, and fall by the wayside. The Lord's Day is another day for labor-- that and that only, and children grow up with no religious education whatever. As said a Scotch Presbyterian to the minister, "When I left the old kirk back home to come to Alaska I said: 'Good bye, God, I am going to Alaska to hunt my fortune; when I come back I will hunt you up.'". And there are others. Also there are some so-called sects, strangely peculiar, growing out of a demoralized situation, Christless, godless, which tend to break up the "Way," and this not readily patent to the tourist. Alaska is a 'melting pot' as is no city in the states. To retrench in our mission service would not only now cause a complete loss of past gains, but would jeopardize the development of a virgin country which gives every promise of soon taking a no mean place under the sun. Religion must be a vital factor in this 'empire in the making.'

Secondly, it is not realized by 'outside' people how many inhebit these hills. They are back within the interior. They trap, fish, mine, or are engaged in transportation, and in commercial pursuits, in fox farming, etc. Their families

are back there with them, the children in absolute ignorance of God and righteousness all too frequently. But many surprises meet the minister who ventures among these isolated peoples, and no one in the states can appreciate these not infrequent instances of glad greeting and deep seated joy on part of so remote peoples when the minister visits them, reads to them God's word and has prayer with them in the cabin, sometimes with a few neighbors gathered in. Then it is he gets close to the human heart, and finds thirst and hunger for the things of God so long denied them. And in all this we are writing of whites, not Indians. And these peoples appreciate full well the attention of the church, and that, too, whether they be found in a tiny village of one hundred souls or in very sparsely settled communities, a cabin here and another three miles distant. After all, they are just plain common folks, possessed of hearts which can be touched by the Holy Spirit if the preacher but be sent.

Thirdly, the whites in this country cannot as yet afford to support their own projects. While a land of great financial returns, it is also a land of excessive over-head. The expense is so great that little remains at the end of the month. Physical conditions of the country are exacting. No weakling can contend with the handicaps. The price is high. So, because of economic conditions we must ask that the church as a whole not fail us in this appalling task of evangelizing as per His command. The Church must give of her spiritual food--must divide with these hungry ones. We are doing a great work and may not come down. So, friends, remember us, not only in prayer, but through generous financial support as well.

B. J. Bingle,
Cordova, Alaska.

(Rev. B. J. Bingle is th new pastor of the First Church in Cordova, recently come from Idaho and installed by Presbytery in late October. He knows whereof he speaks.-- Ed.)

AN INTOLERABLE CONDITION --
WHO IS TO BE BLAMED?
WILL 'WHITE WASH' BE USED?

A 50,000 hospital without a nurse! How long would such situation be tolerated within the states? If impossible in Chicago, why in Point Barrow where there are no 'nurses' registers' whereat in emergency a nurse or many nurses may be had within an hour? Why? But Echo is strangely silent.

Point Barrow Hospital has been without a nurse since Miss Emily Morgan, that splendid Methodist girl who accepted the appointment for one year only, went there in 1927, saying then: "I will go for one year only." She wrote the New York office in January, 1928, saying: "Positively, I will go out this coming summer." She left in June, by airplane and with a white man patient. But the ships came and the ships went, in August, but no nurse or nurses came to Barrow. Why? No one seems to know why. But in mean time poor Barrow and adjacent villages suffer and people die and for want of medical care and appropriate nursing, for how can any sane man expect one doctor to be not only physician to a thousand miles of coast and its many many inhabitants, but to do all the nursing as well?

Dr. Grenfell, with far less Eskimo to serve, has several doctors and as many nurses, one large central hospital and at least two branch hospices some miles away. He cares for his work -- Why cannot we do as well? Why, O why?

At whose hands will the Lord require an accounting for the deaths on Point Barrow coast this last year the many splendidly good, outstanding, stalwart Eskimo men and women? In the states, governors and mayors appoint investigating committees for less, and grand juries get busy. But poor Point Barrow is far away.

We have late word, as of early November, of many more deaths, Alva's wife, Joe's wife, and Edward's wife Bernice, all leaving families of young children, and seven babies are also dead, and many of our best Eskimo in other villages.

When will we appreciate our duty?

YUKON PRESBYTERY

The Presbytery of Yukon met in stated meeting at Cordova, on the southern coast, October 29th - November 1st. Presbyters in attendance were: the Reverends Dr. Jas. H. Condit, of Sheldon Jackson School, in Sitka, John E. Youel, of Fairbanks First Church, Burt J. Bingle, of Cordova First Church, and Henry W. Greist, M.D., of Nenana Grace Church. Elder J. C. Smith, of Cordova, was the only elder present.

Dr. Henry W. Greist was elected and installed as Moderator for the ensuing the year.

Because of the very great territory covered, and the long distances travelled by presbyters in order to attend meetings of Presbytery, it has long been the custom to hold but one stated meeting per year. Yukon Presbytery is the largest one of the church, anywhere in the world, in point of square milage, but quite small as to membership. Were the territory of Yukon Presbytery laid down upon that of the United States proper we would cover all states east of the Mississippi river to the Atlantic seaboard, and from the Great Lakes to Florida on the North. And travel facilities are exceedingly meager, no better than those enjoyed by our grandfathers within territory of the Eastern states. Very few people within the states have any concept of the immensity of Alaska.

Rev. Burt J. Bingle, recently called from Belleview, Idaho, on the evening of Oct.31st was formally installed as pastor of Cordova First, and most auspiciously begins a pastorate of much promise. Bingle is a young man of push, of vision, of spiritual mind and poise, and withall is thoroughly well trained. Alaska needs men of this type -- has at times suffered from miss-fits. Not every man who perhaps can succeed reasonably well within a goodly parish in the states will prove a capable man in Alaska.

Presbytery was royally entertained by the ladies at a dinner within the church's new dining room. Much labor has recently been expended upthis pretty church, and it is now complete. The citizens of Cordova very generally gave the glad hand to presbyters in attendance, and that strictly in accord with the cordiality peculiar to Alaska.

Rev. Emil L. Winterberger, en route from Oregon to his new charge of Anchorage First, had passed through Cordova a few days before, but, wishing to get his family settled in his new home, after so long and tiresome voyage, much to the regret of Presbytery did not stop off.

Dr. Jas. H. Condit was elected commissioner to General Assembly of 1929, and Ruling Elder Frank O. Robinson, of Nenana First, was elected lay commissioner.

The following resolutions were adopted by Presbytery:

COMMENDATION

"Presbytery notes with interest the plan of Dr. H. W. Greist to disseminate information regarding the Eskimo work through the publication of THE NORTHERN CROSS, and commends the latter to the attention of all interested in mission work in the far North."

RESOLUTION

(To be incorporated in the report of the National Missions Committee.)

"THAT the Presbytery of Yukon is in accord with the present plan of the Board of National Missions for the promotion and administration of its work. It would renew its recommendation that the Town and Country Department assume responsibility for the field work formerly supported by the Sunday School Missionary Department" (within Yukon Presbytery.)

Special Resolution, Unanimously adopted. To be sent to Board of National Missions, Departments of Town and Country, and Sunday School Missions:

"Give us encouragement as pastors of the churches, and finances available for necessary expenses, to do the work in villages, settlements and camps contiguous to our central fields and that we be commissioned as Sunday School Missionaries. We do not ask for a Field Missionary for our white work; but we stand and implore that an

amount at least equal to the salary of a Field Missionary be appropriated (or allocated) for an extra worker or workers (probably native) in the Arctic field. For the whole program and service of the Arctic coast, for which we are entirely responsible, for the accomplishment of effective, clean, religious work in all details, we not only urge but pray that this great project, no longer experimental, shall be adequately financed for the honor of the great Presbyterian church in the U.S.A. and the eternal glory of GOD."

Resolution as to the Eskimo Work, adopted without discussion and unanimously.---

"WHEREAS, the Eskimo work within Yukon Presbytery is seriously suffering for want of care, from lack of workers and equipment, and--

WHEREAS, it appears as the policy of the Board of National Missions to stress work among peoples less remote, and upon routes of tourist travel, and to withdraw support from this field of relatively greater evangelistic possibilities, to reduce the number of workers, and to minimize equipment, therefore be it resolved, and it is hereby

RESOLVED by Yukon Presbytery in session at Cordova, Alaska, October 29th -- Dec.1st, 1928, that the Board of National Missions be and is hereby petitioned to:

First-- Give Cape Prince of Wales immediate consideration, it being believed imperative that we at once occupy that field, including as it does the villages of Wales and Shishmareff, and Little Diomede upon Little Diomede Island within Bering Strait, these three villages having a population approximating one thousand souls.

Second-- That St.Lawrence Island now long neglected wholly, be given an ordained worker at an early date.

Third-- That Nunivak Island, with its several hundred pagans, not one of whom has ever heard the name of God saving as the great American swear word,-- that these people so utterly ignorant of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, be evangelized, that this island be occupied at any and all necessary expense and quickly.

Fourth-- That the Nushigak territory so dear to the heart of Dr. S. Hall Young, given us long years since to occupy, but which to date is virgin soil,-- that this field be aggressively undertaken and as promptly as may be.

Fifth-- That the Board supply a resident worker for Wainwright to carry on the community wellfare service so well done by Miss Ann Bannan prior to her furlough in 1926 since which time that village has been neglected saving as A. W. Newhall from Barrow has occasionally visited it.

Sixth-- That a native assistant, capable, trained, under care of Presbytery, be given the Missionary at Barrow, and that that mission be supplied with a gas-boat of special design as needed for summer travel, and that a necessary sum with which to purchase and maintain a capable dog-team for use in winter, be added to the budget, it being an assured fact that without these needs the Barrow worker is sorely handicapped and cannot adequately serve his extensive field.

Seven-- That at least one nurse and a house-keeper be maintained in Barrow Hospital at all times, the nursing personnel to be increased as the work demands..

Eight-- A manse for Barrow comfortable and sufficiently commodious to enable the missionary to carry on the various religious educational and community wellfare work incident to that field, so much of it being necessarily done within manse and because of the very great cost of fuel and consequent lack of wisdom in heating the large church saving for religious services."

(The following resolutions were adopted by the Synod of Washington to which Yukon Presbytery belongs, at the regular meeting held July 10th to 12th, last. The reply of Yukon Presbytery, inspired thereby, follows the resolutions of Synod below, said reply, in form of resolutions, being addressed to the Board of National Missions.-- Ed.)

RESOLUTIONS OF SYNOD OF WASHINGTON, Addressed to the Board of National Missions, The Presbyterian Church, U.S.A.

1.-- That the Board be requested to recognize Synod's Constitutional and rightful jurisdiction by reason of ecclesiastical relationship to and over the Alaska work.

2.-- That the Board be and hereby is requested in the administration of the Alaska work to cooperate with Synod's Committee on National Missions in the same manner in which the Board now cooperates with said Committee in the administration of all other departments over which said Board and said Committee have jurisdiction."

To the above, Presbytery of Yukon in session at Cordova, Alaska, Oct.29th -- Nov. 1st, replied as follows: "To the Board.

"At the 1928 meeting of Synod, resolutions were adopted requesting the Board of Nat'l Missions to transfer the administration of the Alaska work from the Board, as at present, to the Synod's Committee on National Missions.

"Presbytery of Yukon does not concur in this proposed change and desires in this manner to enter its protest.--

I. Factors involved in the proposed change:

1.-- A radical change in policy as it has been carried on since the institution of mission work in Alaska.

2.-- Washington Synod has not in the past and does not in the near future contemplate going to self support with a view to adding the Alaska budget as a additional obligation.

3.-- The Alaska work has been under one man whose business it has been to know much of its oppertunities and needs, and present them to the church at large.

4.-- The Alaska work is Nationd in a sense that the state of "ashington is not. It makes a National appeal, and should be a project of the entire church.

5.-- Synod's Committee has at present a very large field and is not equipped to undertake an additional responsibility of such magnitude as the Alaska work.

6.-- Even the argument from geographic connection is not valid in so far as Yukon Presbytery is concerned since much of its territory is as remote, or more so, than many of our foreign fields, and is of such an exceptional character that it could fully as well be attached to the Presbytery of New York in so far as its administration is concerned.

II. The primary concern in such a Change, in so far as we are interested, is the benefit, or otherwise, to be derived by the work in Yukon Presbytery.

1.-- It is not intimated in this resolution that more funds will be raised, better men put in the field, or more and better work done.

2.-- It is not intimated that Synod's Committee would be more interested or more sympathetic in supervision of the work or that more expert oversight would be given.

3.-- No suggestion is made of making the Alaska work an extra item on the Synod's budget.

III. In view of the foregoing the Presbytery of Yukon declares its position as follows:

1.-- It does not believe Synod's Committee is equipped to undertake a work of such magnitude as the administration of the Alaska work in addition to its responsibilities in the state of "ashington.

2.-- It believes that the needs of the field should be reviewed, as they have been, by a man who gives special attention to this great territory.

3.-- Funds for Alaska have been almost wholly contributed by friends and givers in the "ast. We fear that the proposed change in administration would cut off the source of gifts.

4.-- We believe that the Alaska work is National in its scope and appeal in a sense in which the state of "ashington is not, and that the promotion of the same should be by the National Board.

5.-- We are confident that the Synod of Washington would not want such a change if such change would involve any loss to the work which the Presbytery of Yukon feels would be the rsult.

6.-- It is therefore the carefully considered judgment of the Yukon Presbytery that no change should be made in the present form of administration of the Alaska work, and that the present immediate supervision of the Board of National Missions should continue in as much as the National Board is and must be responsible for the promotion of the work and the raising of funds to support it.
We believe this may be effected in the future as it has been for many years in the past, to the mutual advantage of Presbytery, Synod and the Board of National Missions."

LEST WE BE MISUNDERSTOOD

Elsewhere in this issue we may have seemed to discount ethical teaching upon the mission field, but we would not be so understood. The Great Commission was given not only in the upper chamber (Mark 16: 14-16,) but in some mountain fastness up in Galilee as well (Matt. 28: 16-19,) and He stressed teaching in connection with preaching. The two cannot be divorced, if we would have an established discipleship, believers who are able, at least, to give to their inner consciousness a reason for that faith which is theirs. We must and we do teach. What we had in mind and that which we intended to deplore is the laying down of rigid and inflexible laws, rules as to practice, which we believe to be at variance-- antagonistic to the spirit of the dispensation of grace. We once were shown a closely written three-page letter, and legal-cap at that, done on typewriter, written by a good brother whom we have never met, directed to the holder of the letter who in turn exhibited it to us, and this letter was one long argument, based on the Mosaic Law, against any and all labor on the "Sabbath" day. And in that letter the writer insisted that even water shall be carried only in such quantities as is permitted in the Mosaic Law,- a day's journey shall be only such as is there specified. This dear Eskimo man had written to some over zealous writer for light, and had had this array of Law thrust at him. It was no easy task to disabuse his mind of these "Thou shalt Nots," and why?-- There were the Scriptural references given at great length, all from the Old Testament. The ethics of Christ is to be our teaching, coupled with the preachment of Him crucified and risen. The Eskimo have suffered extensively from irrational teaching. A committee of three men drove their dogs through storm and cold and Arctic darkness one hundred miles while the writer was [illegible] at Cape Prince of Wales in 1920 to ask one question, a queSTion which had all but torn their community asunder: "Can a man, who believes in Jesus and who otherwise lives a Godly life, reach heaven when he dies if he shall have used tobacco? For" said they,"some old people love their pipes." I unhesitatingly said: "Go home and tell those old men and that old woman to go ahead, that I expect to be able to shake hands with them in heaven; but, don't let the boys use tobacco because it stunts them, inhibits their bodily and mental growth."

The writer was brought up by Quaker parents who, not in reach of a Friends' Meeting, regularly attended a Presbyterian church under the very shadow of old Wabash college in Crawfordsville, Indiana, and from earliest childhood he was regularly taken to church. He not only "inherited" from his Quaker forbears certain prejudices, but likewise was taught as much, and even yet entertains certain strong convictions as to "Sabbath observance," etc. Nevertheless, on going to the Eskimo, a careful study of their economic and social status very materially forced a readjustment, broadened him in a large way. They have but two sources of income, trapping during a few short winter months, and whaling which lasts from two to five weeks only. From the whale they secure blubber, practically their only fuel, and

meat for their dogs, their only motive power. Whaling, consequently, is of vast importance. There was a time when the natives of that far North coast and in consequence of teaching had, always left the camps far out on the frozen sea alongside some "lead" (or broken stretch of ice, wherein the whales love to disport themselves in open water,-- a mere lane of water where the ice separates,) and came to town at 12 o'c midnight Saturday, that they might attend service throughout Sunday, Sunday School in morning, preaching at 11 o'c, Y.P.S.C.E. at 4 P.M., and evening service at 7 Then, at midnight, but not before, would they hitch their dogs to the sleds and away they would go out to the whaling camps. A boy, and mayhap two of them, would be left at the camps to guard the boats and whaling "Gear," rifles, "shoulder guns," etc. Once, these boys reported that on Sunday seven whales had passed the camp, one big whale swimming within ten feet of the guard. But during the rest of the season not another whale was sighted. Session held a meeting after the close of the season. Much suffering was being had account lack of dog-feed and fuel. And this Quaker-Presbyterian missionary-doctor, ordained to preach the Truth, and the shepherd of a thousand souls, then and there in that session meeting remembered II. Cor. 3: 6.--

> "Who also hath made us able ministers of the new testament; not of the letter, but of the spirit: for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

And in the end, those ruling elders on the authority of the Minister told the whalers, that: "Another year we will whale on Sunday, and that because even the Lord gathered what was needed as He and His went through the wheat, and because the season is short we must not neglect that which the Lord may send." And they yet whale on Sunday, but some time during the day meet quietly in their tents and listen to the Word read, and have prayer. And the Lord has blessed them in it, for -- 'tis the spirit which giveth life.

SAM'S MOVING PAIN

Sam is one of the better Eskimo of Cape Prince of Wales. He is a bachelor, has but one eye, having lost the other in infancy in some accidental manner. He is remarkable for two things, he does not enjoy hunting, a strange thing among the Eskimo, and he is perhaps the most expert ivory carver in all Alaska, his beautiful carvings of animals, sleds, men in hunting scenes, etc., being in great demand among collectors everywhere. If something extra fine is wanted along this line, one will not err in securing it from Sam of Cape Prince of Wales. But to the story.

The missionary doctor was very busy getting the old mission house into condition for the arctic winter-- had two Eskimo employed as carpenters, and they were working early and late because cold and storm and darkness were fast approaching. In the midst of all this an Eskimo boy timidly (they are all timid) approached the missionary with this message: "Sam, him sick." Said the doctor: "And what is the matter with Sam?" "I do not know," replied the lad. So, through one of the carpenters I had interpreted this request, "Go to Sam and tell him that I am exceedingly busy the moment, and will thank him for a written note, telling me just what the matter may me, as then maybe I can send him some medicine." The boy soon returned with a beautifully written missive, for Sam is artistic altho limited in his English, and this was the note:

> "Dere Doktur.-- What I want to know is, what to do with the Moving Pain.
>
> Your friend, Sam."

In vain I quizzed the boy as to Sam's "Moving pain." So, I dropped saw and hammer and with medicine-case accompanied the boy to Sam's igloo. It was a clean place. I had crawled through the long narrow "Hall" to the inner door, a tiny, narrow and low entrance, and there in a rather large room saw Sam sitting upon the floor, with tools and vice about him. He continued to idly sit, looking straight ahead and turning neither head nor eyes.

"Hello, Sam. What's the trouble?" said I. "Got the Moving Pain," la-

conically replied he. "Too bad, Sam, but tell me all about it.-- Where is it?" And then, without a movement of the body saving a careful gesture of the hand, he painfully indicated his neck, saying: "There,-him sick." Sam had Myalgia, muscular rheumatism, or that which grand-mother styled with less descriptive force, "A crick in the neck." Even a doctor's "Torticollis" is less illuminating to the average reader than Sam's nomenclature.

REFUSED TO NAME THIS CHILD AS THE PARENTS WISHED.

Not infrequently, baptismal names are chosen even among cultured people after long discussion and deliberation only. What then must be the embarassment among a primitive people in search of a name suited to the child of Christian parents, about to have holy baptism?

Not less than eighteen babies were presented for baptism on this occasion. An elder perfects all arrangements in advance, gets the family history-- names of parents, ages, date of birth, sex, name, and this is given within a paper neatly folded, on the outside of which is the proposed Christian name of the child. The father or the mother hands this paper to the minister when their child's turn comes. In this case, the name which stared the minister in the face was-- "Beelzebub." "This name will not do," said the clergyman. "Have you another?" "Him, Beelzebub", insisted the father."We found name in Bible." "No, I cannot give that name to your child,' said the preacher. 'Have you another name to propose? If not, will you allow me to name this boy?" "Name him," replied he. And thus it was that little Samuel was so named. This, at Point Barrow several years since.

THE OFFERING AT BARROW

Once every three months, on Communion day, is an offering taken at Barrow Church. The Eskimo enjoy giving to the Lord. Every dollar of that money goes to the Board of National Missions. In late March or early April, 1924,-- on Easter day, in fact, the plate contained just $126 in cash, but with it was a varied collection of old ivory curios, polar bear teeth, walrus teeth, etc., given by children who had no money but wished to be no whit behind their parents.

The collection was ended, and the sermon had begun when a grandmother came marching down the aisle to the table in front of the pulpit, leading or rather pushing in front of her, a little lad of perhaps four years, whose mother was deceased, he now having his home with his grand-parents. His little fist was tightly clasped. She forced him to place his hand over the basket, but still he clinched his hand. She then whispered to him in his native tongue, but to no effect. Then, yet holding that fist over the basket, she gently struck the hand with her fingers, then again more forcibly, and finally shook the fist of the boy until the enclosed nickle, perhaps the first he had ever had, was shaken into the plate. She had given the child the money in good time and only after the offering was ended did she discover that he had retained the Lord's money. And she would have none of it-- he must offer it to the Lord then and there.

WHEN JOHNNY WENT TO SLEEP

Johnny Aitken had been out on the ice, and had been working all night, sealing. He was weary and sleepy as well. But nothing-- absolutely nothing will pass muster as an excuse for a member of the church to remain away from Sunday morning service among the Eskimo. They all come. And Johnny Aitken was my substitute interpreter, and he was teacher of a large Bible class in Sunday school, and he of course had to come and would. But he was sleepy, and he could not help it. During that long Easter service he went soundly to sleep, with his head against the side-wall. His good old mother saw him and felt disgraced at once. It mattered not to her that Johnny is the father of a splendid family, so she arose, walked deliberately to him and struck him with her open palm squarely upon the cheek, the resounding smack heard plainly throughout the large audience.

CORRESPONDENCE

Burroughs, Ind., Nov. 9th.-- The Carrol County organization of the missionary societies of the Presbyterian Church met in Burroughs with all societies of the county well represented. Mrs. Chas. Gros is President. The October issue of THE NORTHERN CROSS was reviewd by Mrs. Edward W. Bowen, and an offering of near $25 was then taken for the Board to be used as needed in the far North. The Goals for 1928--'29" were then read in unison. A strong plea for "Stewardship" was made by Mrs. Edwin Baum.

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Indianapolis, Ind., Nov.19th.

Large extracts from THE NORTHERN CROSS and from letters as well were used in an address before the October Missionary Meeting. You are editing a fine little paper full of inspiration and information.

—

Letters similar to above have come to us from all over the church. Thanks, kindly, friends. It helps a lot, sometimes, to have a boquet of roses thrown at one out on the firing line even tho one is too busy to return the compliment in the ordinary way. We appreciate your prayers, your support, but above all we are pleased to know that mayhap we are doing some little good for missions. The work must go on, and the folks back at home will have to rally to the support of the Board of National Missions, and generously, to save us and the field generally from another disastrous cut in budgets for 1929. We have been even now so seriously reduced that the work is suffering beyond -- far beyond that which the church at large realizes or is permitted to know. If He should come now! O friends, let us get on our knees and earnestly seek after His will. The work must go on, but how can it unless we more willingly yield to Him as stewards our undivided loyalty ?

—

POLAR BEAR

Orson, of Point Barrow shot a big male measuring twelve feet and six inches from tip of nose to the stubby tail.

A STRANGE PROVIDENCE

Neither the rationalist nor he who believes not in direct answer to prayer should read this story. It is absolutely true as given, but that will prove no bar to him in search of a naturalistic explanation. Nor will the materialist explain it by other than resort to that which to any man well versed in arctic matters will prove pure buncombe.

At Barrow we have neither wells, cisterns nor springs of water. They would freeze from the bottom up and not thaw in a thousand years. That earth is cold, is always frozen to within ten to twelve inches of the surface during even our hottest Augusts. Glacial ice, too, lies very close to the surface, ice which has been there many thousands of years, some of it as clear as that manufactured from distilled water in any city at home. Nothing grows at Point Barrow saving a harsh, wiry grass, of little value for anything, nothing saving when the winds are from the south for many days and warm showers ensue, as then we have a few hardy wild-flowers, odorless and without nectar.

Our sole source of water for all domestic purposes is ice, ice which is harvested from small ponds and fresh water lakes upon the tundra. This ice is cut in late September, is stored in vast quantities upon the banks of the lake as against the winter's needs, our small ice houses being filled to the roofs for summer needs. And the hospital and the manse require sufficient in storage for not only culinary purposes, but for the laundry as well, for these ponds become foul in summer from humus washed into them from melting snows upon the vast, all but level plains. Freezing results in the instant precipitation of this vegetable and animal matter, and the ice water is potable-- is our only water throughout the entire year, and the two ice-houses are supposed to hold sufficient for the short summer, from June 15th to Sep.30, this ice being melted upon our stoves for any and all purposes.

In September, 1922, we had filled both houses, carefully and well. The spring of 1923 proved unusually warm. A strong wind came from the south for

some ten days. The sky was cloudless throughout the time, and this in late June. When ice houses were opened, to our amazement full 40% was melted, and this July 1st. In two weeks we carefully estimated that 60% was exhausted, and that in face of the fact that fully 80% of the time during which we would require ice, remained. We of the manse at once went on half-rations. We used tundra water for scrubbing, and even for the laundry notwithstanding its foul odor and brown discolorization of linen. But the Head Nurse seriously objected in as much as the nurses' white dresses and the hospital sheets would be ruined. It was then that we discussed closing the hospital. But that would almost inevitably have worked a grave hardship in that it is most difficult to successfully treat many diseases in the igloo, and possibly deaths would be the result.

Then it was that we began to pray, or rather it was then that we commenced concerted public prayer for divine help. Session had met to discuss the problem, and the nine ruling elders then in Barrow, good men, men of long years experience with the many handicaps of that coast, men of rarely good judgment, men of prayer every one of them,-- these elders gravely discussed the situation in its every aspect. They could give me no practical suggestions. We announced that on prayer meeting night the ice situation would be the main subject of prayer, and it proved to so be. Not less than thirty vocal prayers, short, terse, to the point, were offered by men and women within that audience of some two-hundred fifty souls. On Sunday morning session again met and we resolved to pray nightly for relief and with faith, believing that help would inevitably come. At that time we were scraping the floor, using ice which ordinarily we reject, ice which was soiled from our feet. Some time in August, this was. The testing lasted until our supply was very very low.

Then the answer came. An unusual storm, one similar to that which so nearly caused Capt. John Backland, Jr., to lose his ship in Barrow waters this last August,-- such a terrible storm came, driving in the ice-pack, piling ice on the beach within two city blocks of our hospital until it was near forty feet high. No one slept that night. Men patrolled the beach all night, lest the ice should destroy the boats drawn far up on the shore, and lest further the ice should from pressure behind slide over beach and far up and destroy our buildings, as the ice did slide once many years since. Early next morning, the writer left the manse to go to hospital, and en route was called by two elders, who came running from the beach. "The Lord has answered our prayers," said they. "How?-- Where?-- When?"-- said I. "See there-- that large cake of ice far down the beach?" And some two city blocks in distance from hospital and manse I saw a cake of ice not less than twelve feet in diameter, and perhaps eight feet thick, nearly round, without sharp edges anywhere, smooth at every point, like a huge tea biscuit, and rather blue in color. Said the elders, "That is sweet ice," meaning, ice without salt. I ran to the spot, those two elders following me. I opened my pocketknife, chipped off a bit, placed it in my mouth and tasted no salt. It was "Sweet" ice. And that was not all; another block as to distance away, there was another similar cake of ice and as free from salt.

Whence came that ice? No one knows. There are no glaciers on the Arctic coast. Some think mayhap that ice had floated about up near the Pole for long years, losing its salt, as some scientists insist ice situated thus will, after many years. It may possibly have some time come down the far McKenzie river, some eight hundred miles east from Barrow. We wasted no time in debating that point. But within forty-eight hours I had a force of men at work, and we harvested it, again filling our houses to the roof, and did not need to touch the second cake.

In this manner does the Lord answer prayer.

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." John 15: 7.

LETTERS FROM NATIVES ON THE ARCTIC COAST

Barrow, Oct.27, 1927

Dear Doctor Greist:

During the summer, I'm proud to say, I received three letters from you. I was sure glad to hear from you. If just by wishing anything could be accomplished, I would be on a trip with you on the PRINCETON down in Southeastern Alaska, (Dr. Greist spent the summer of '27 aboard the PRINCETON, in S.E. Alaska, engaged in evangelism.-Ed.) but that, as all know, cannot be done. I'm sure you enjoyed that trip better than you would a dog team trip in cold weather up here. Summer trip is the kind I like best when I don't have to fight the cold.

Last winter, as you no doubt have already heard, the trapping was very poor.

Last spring there were 4 whales killed, by Eli's crew, by Tommy's crew, Timothy's crew and by my crew, ours being the largest, 10 feet bone. During the summer there must have been more than 100 walrus killed, and many oogruks, and then this fall 2 whales killed, but one of the whale we lost. We had to leave it on account of the storm. We must have towed it about 6 or 7 hours with 6 whale boats, but had to leave it when the storm came up, and it was dark at night when we had to leave it, and after we left it and had gone about 3 hours we sounded and found grounded ice and camp until daylight, and had to sail home, and the storm lasted a week or more and whaling for the fall closed.

The other day, at broad daylight, a bear came ashore right between the station (trading post) and this end of the village-- and that was the end of that bear. That was a little excitement for the community.

During the summer, Ira, 'Shorty' and, with a sad heart I have to say, Apiow, died. (Apiow was the writer's father.-Ed.) I may be wrong, but from my judgment I think operation would have helped Shorty and Apiow. 'Shorty' had big sore on arm, which I think, if his arm was cut off, would have gotten well. And Apiow had a rupture (strangulated hernia-Ed.) and I requested urgently for him to be operated on--but my request was not considered. (The missionary doctor now in Barrow is not a surgeon.--Ed.) How sweet to trust in Jesus our Savior and Christ the Lord! About a day before his death Apiow said that unless a help came from on high his life on earth was done, and he was faithful unto death. A few minutes before he died he uttered a prayer, saying, "My God, my Jesus, I am tired of this suffering." And how quick the Lord did answer his prayer by taking him to Himself. How comforting it is to have hope in the Lord of meeting our loved ones and meeting our Lord Himself, again. My Lord knows the desire of mine heart that I would rather 100 times be a Christian than to be a hopeless sinner, and my prayer is that by the grace of God I may be a stronger Christian than ever before, and my prayer is not for me alone but for you and for all who may give themselves to God.

Don't be surprised if the Lord should send you back to Barrow some time in the future, although He has His own way and not ours.

I'll close for this time with best wishes to you and your family.

Your friend,
Roy Ahmaogak.

P.S.-- Walton did not get to go out to Sheldon Jackson School on account of the sick spell he had last June.

R.A.

Cape Halkett,
Oct.16, 1928.

Dear Mrs. Greist:

I was very glad when I received your letter. We were very thanks for the Bible (a Scofield edition) that you sent. We stay at Cape Halket almost two years. We stay alone this fall. George Tooka is gone to Barrow. All his children is sick. One of them died.-- That is little baby. Luther is almost died. But all get well in hospital. . . . . I had not much word to say on this lonely place. Your friend,

Mrs. Johnny Akin.

(This letter is one of five pages, We have quoted briefly.)

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THE NORTHERN CROSS

POINT BARROW - ALASKA

AUGUST 1936

THE NORTHERN CROSS

VOLUME VIII. August 1936 No. 1

POINT BARROW, ALASKA

Editor, Henry W. Greist, M.D., F.A.M.A., F.A.C.S., etc.

THE NORTHERN CROSS seeks to represent that evangelism had within the limits of Yukon Presbytery, and particularly that within the territory occupied by the Eskimo of the far North, our Mission of Point Barrow, 300 miles within the Arctic Circle. Yukon Presbytery is one of the largest in the world in point of square milage covered, but is one of the smallest anywhere found as to membership, meaning the number of ministers composing same or actively engaged.

This evangelism is under the care of The Board of National Missions, of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. (North), with offices at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dr. J. M. Somerndike, Secretary, is immediately in charge of the Alaskan missions, with offices at the above address. The Rev. E. Graham Wilson, D.D. is General Secretary, and Mr. C. N. Wonacott is Treasurer, both to be addressed at the New York offices as given above.

Any and all contributions by way of moneys are to be sent directly to the Treasurer, Mr. Wonacott. Gifts by way of merchandise, literature or articles to be used locally by the missionaries, are to be sent to Point Barrow by mail, post calculated as of the eighth zone, and that zone holding as to any point in United States proper.

THE NORTHERN CROSS is Published Every Little While -- Or Has Been --
Three or Four Times per Annum, in Point Barrow, Alaska, By Henry W. Greist
Just Over the Ice from the Pole
Is Done on the Mimeograph, Under Difficulties Always, Sometimes Not at All
Is Sent Out of the North by Dogs, at Least Twice During the Long Arctic Winter
Once Only During the Short Summer and by Ship-- Provided the Ice Allows
Protagonist of Top of the World Evangelism via Crucis
Subscription, One Dollar the Year --
But, Lacking the Dollar and Vitally Interested, Gratuitously a Bit
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VALE!

With this issue THE NORTHERN CROSS as such ceases publication. The Editor and Mrs. Greist retire from active labor within Point Barrow Mission the first of August, or with the coming of the ships and arrival of the new missionaries, the Rev. and Mrs. Fred Klerekoper. The Greists go to the states to enjoy a long deferred rest period, and in all human probability will never return to Alaska. Having served this evangelism since 1920, and with but one furlough during the while, the Doctor not only approaches closely the age at which retirement is obligatory, but both feel the necessity of getting out of the far North reasonably soon. The tinned fruits, tinned vegetables, tinned milk, and tinned sunshine during the long arctic nights (if any be had) finally makes an impression and one longs for the trees, the flowers, grass, the old red cow and -- ones friends. To have continually poured out for so long without relief, one hungers to hear a sermon, to hear a lecture, to hear conversation cultured in character. One actually is in danger of forgetting English "as she is spoke", after using 'pidgen' for so long and resorting to the simple synonyms essential. So, we have asked to be relieved, and we propose to turn our faces Southward.

Will we regret the North? Maybe. Aye, more, almost surely. This has seemed home to us. We have put our very personalities into this proposition and into this people. We have sawed wood for wood's sake, not for the 'pay'. It has proved great "sport", most satisfying, has rendered heart satisfaction. We have remained sufficiently long to note the fruits--"much fruit" from our tasks so diversified. Great changes have resulted, marked improvements have been had, the 'ice' has been broken, victories won. And yet, there remains plenty for our successors to accomplish. To them remains the job of clinching that which has been done and of driving more nails.

True, on arrival we discovered the statement of a former missionary to be correct, that he left every man, woman, boy and girl past fifteen years of age a member of the church. And while every one attended church and prayer meeting habitually, deeming enforced absence due to illness a great calamity, yet spirituality was all too often but skin deep. There were so many taboos, so many Thou shalts, and Thou shalt nots, so many rules and regulations, and the Methodist catechism which had been taught, and committed to memory by some, and the Apostles Creed, were regarded as prayers, as all but fetiches with which to conjure evil.

We preached the Cross, not sometimes, but all the time, the simple Gospel, the one Way, the only trail, the absolute necessity of the new birth, of conversion, of confession, not merely profession. We denounced sin and handled same with ungloved hands, calling a spade a spade. We insisted that the Christian man must live the Christian life. One old woman near ninety years of age, for long years a member of the church, interrupted the missionary during sermon one day to say to him: "Please, missionary, I got Jesus Christ on the outside of my skin long time ago, but I must right now get Him under the skin", and we knelt at her side then and there with the usual result. Never emotional, the Eskimo believes in fair play, and but wishes to know the Truth, the why and wherefore. And we believed it our duty and privilege as well to lead him into the Light. So, we preached not philosophy, not modernism, not merely ethics, but salvation from sin through Calvary, that it is the privilege of all to get Him inside the heart and life rather than merely on the "outside" as an empty profession through baptism and union with the visible church, that and that alone.

We found so many hang-overs from the heathen past which former missionaries had if at all attacked with timidity. The ritualistic dances were condemned as harking back to paganism, as tending all unconsciously to recall the past and with it the arts and devices of the devil-worship of fifty years since. These dances inevitably encourage immorality, open a veritable Pandora's box, and, while not necessarily evil per se, nevertheless unquestionably encourage fleshly lusts. The superficial observer, or one who sees but the "art" of the dance, is very apt to question the writer's findings, but -- well, the devil is in them. And so we attacked them and fiercely, but not until we had studied them for three or four years from Nome, North, and had satisfied ourselves that we were right. Resisted by school teachers oft times, (here for but one or two years, maybe three or four, then returning to the states,) we found it not an easy road to

travel. And in time we won out, but it was difficult. One school teacher sat up long hours of the night burning the Government's oil while hunting texts from the Old Testament in support of the dance citing Jeptha's daughter, King David, and others as authority why the dance ought be encouraged regardless of the morals of the young, and regardless of the differences between the dance as practiced by the religious Jews and the shamanistic Eskimo of past generations. True, the pagan and abominable thing may bob up again, and almost surely will, provided some timid missionary be off his guard, and some future liberally minded school teacher deem it as "art" and worthy encouragement, he caring not a fig for the morals of the young. But it is to be hoped otherwise. The dance was the devil's major hold on the people. Other matters were of less importance relatively. And yet, we have calloused our knees as to it all. The missionary, if he be a shepherd worthy the name, must wear the entire panoply of God. Otherwise he would better remain at home and weed his garden.

Then, too, we discovered so little knowledge in addition to little spirituality. The "law" and the letter were proving lethal. Taught that it was sinful to travel on the "Sabbath Day", we found a newly erected tent on our trail one Sunday not two miles from Barrow Hospital, and in that tent a woman who was dying from a curable disease, her husband and a chance caller playing cards and smoking their pipes unconcernedly the while, and why? The husband was bringing the wife to the doctor, but Saturday night a storm arose and he hastily pitched his tent to await visibility, the blinding fierceness of driving snow causing the dogs to leave the trail. Said I, "Why did not you bring your wife on to hospital early this morning?" Answered he, "Is not this Sunday better let the wife lie here rather than break the Lord's day." Such utter ignorance!

A man brot his two daughters to me, saying: "These girls old enough join church; they say they going to be good girls if you let them join. Maybe take them in Sunday?" Asked if they had been converted born again, if they were Christians, he appeared as puzzled for want of an answer. Too many young men "turned over a new leaf" apparently in the effort to make themselves acceptable to Session, but in some cases they quickly retraced their steps to the "broad way" so soon as they had lined up with local social usage in uniting with the church. A few were excommunicated, and that for persistent, long continued gross immorality, others were suspended from the privileges of the church, while still others were publicly rebuked by name, all after prayer and kindly Christian dealing with them, and as provided by the discipline of the church, their ruling elders, only, voting as a jury subsequent to a formal trial.

And all of this followed plain and ethical, Christian teaching, evangelistic appeals, with personal dealing and much prayer, as said. And during the years, scores have been converted, and while we have found it ever essential to shepherd these folk, as all church members seemingly require shepherding, teaching, and kindly leading, yet very many of the number have given evidence of the new birth in changed lives and earnest painstaking careful living.

And we have continued to preach the Cross, to show the better way, and by line upon line and precept upon precept, to inculcate that which in time will enable them to judge for themselves as to the ethics of a given situation, lead of the Spirit rather than by taboos merely, spiritually discerning the Scriptures covering their daily duties, not Galationized by a hundred rules and prohibitions merely, in short we have sought to so teach them that they can intelligently give a reason for the faith that is in many of them if not in nearly all.

Mistakes, errors in judgment? Yes, and many perhaps, but our heart has been right and we have studiously sought to know just what to do in a thousand situations to the end that God may be glorified and the church edified. The missionary is very human, after all is said and done. And he is far distant from brethren of presbytery to whom he may go and unburden himself. So, he has to fight it out on his knees. And God knows it is oft times a hard problem. But, were the years all to live over again, we would willingly tackle the same problems, pinning our faith in the promises of the 91st Psalm, and keep our heart with all diligence the while, knowing that from out it are the issues of life.

And you folks back at home cannot know how very much we have enjoyed "saying our say" through THE NORTHERN CROSS.

We have sought to keep our missions of the

North before the church. We entered not upon this enterprise with any thought of gain, nor have we been disappointed in this. Not a dollar has gone into the editor's pocket. There now remains a small balance in the treasury, which balance will be used to the glory of God in some manner. Many friends have assisted us in ways, particularly by encouragement by kindly expressions, by helpful criticism. This is appreciated-- has been and yet is. And we thank them.

Just what we have in store for the ensuing years remains to be seen. That is the tragedy of the missionary, at a certain age or sooner he is given to understand that a younger man is needed. Under no circumstances is he supposed to serve after his Seventieth birthanniversary. Rarely does he save sufficient to enable him to make any small investments, which would yield him partial support. He can hardly go into business at that age. True, he probably becomes a pensioner of the church, but unless he has been a pastor of a large city church with large salary, or unless he has entered the field early in life and has received a larger salary than the average missionary may hope to receive, that pension will hardly care for him and his old wife during the rest of their days. If he dies, his widow will perhaps receive half only of that they together received, and that will be relatively small. And he can go to some church home for elderly folk, but however kindly and carefully such homes are conducted, nevertheless such "home" is not really home. Why are not the soldiers of the Cross adequately provided for?-- provided for as are employes of certain corporations? However, "Man wants but little here below". And after all, our 'pay' will come later on. But in the mean time, is it nothing to you all ye that pass by?-- the old missionary who gave his all, years since, in answer to the 'call' of the 'wild', in answer to the appeal over Macedonia way?

The Greists will visit in California a bit, then wend their way homewards to Monticello, Indiana, where their old home has been under care-takers these many years and is said to be sadly in need of repair. It will probably prove a sort of lonely home-coming since David is in an Eastern school, the Doctor's other sons married and living distantly, and old friends are largely scattered and some are dead. Mrs. Greist's father is now gone. The Doctor's mother died since he has been in Alaska. One of his sons died and was buried four months ere he learned of the decease. And one of Mrs Greist's brothers is also absent, having gone hence to be seen no more. But-- well, we are going home, at least we will seek to make of it home once again.

Folks, don't forget us. And we thank you for past prayers, favors, kindnesses and support generally. Without such helpfulness we could not have carried on. And with all that help, it remained for God through His providence to give us some small degree of success in this evangelism which, after all, was for the Lord's glory only, and such it has proved. Prayer does things, and we have felt buoyed up through the years because of prayer on part of many, our lives saved when in imminent danger, handicaps insurmountable apparently overcome with prayer alone and that on part of intercessory supporters.

We hope to meet up with many of you. We love you all in the Gospel. God's benisons rest and abide always.

N. M. G.

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LIMITED SIZE, LIMITED EDITION

This issue of THE NORTHERN CROSS is necessarily small as to both amount of subject matter and number of copies issued owing to the fact that we are very limited as to paper stock. We have less than half our usual amount. Then, too, we are to be rushed as to preparations for leaving Point Barrow with the coming of the ships. There is very much to be accomplished. Had we David's help it were very different.

****

DAVID'S PROSPECTS

David has been proffered an opportunity to join Dr. L. M. Waugh's expedition into Labrador this summer. Dr. Waugh is doing research work for Columbia University, has made two trips into the far Northern waters in recent years.

But David had set his heart on again seeing Alaska, wants to come for a farewell visit so very badly. His plan was to come to San Francisco by bus and ship with Capt. C. T. Pedersen, stopping off in Barrow, and help his parents complete arrangements for leaving. But we discouraged him as to this, promising to allow him such trip to his boyhood home later.

FRANK J. DAUGHERTY RETURNS

The representative of the Office of Indian Affairs, Dep't of the Interior, ordered by Washington to make an intensive survey of social and economic conditions, including the reindeer industry, along that coast extending from Point Barrow to Demarcation Point on the Alaska-Canadian frontier some five hundred miles to the South East of Point Barrow, which constituted a long and somewhat difficult drive by dogs covering many weeks, has returned (this, as of May 21st) and in his official report will show the following startling facts which demand instant care from his department, we understand. Snows were deep and supplies were difficult and at times impossible to secure in the far South East, and the inspector came into Barrow thin, showing signs of restricted diet as well as exposure to the elements. The writer had intended to accompany the government representative and by tractor, taking large supplies with him as against probable need. The man on the street would have said that we had a "hunch", but we prefer the term intimation, an impression that food would be difficult to secure and probably most expensive if to be had at any price; hence we proposed to take ample supplies for both our selves and the Office of Indian Affairs man and his party, Our plan was to make medical inspections, prescribe for the ill, to do such evangelistic work as way opened therefor, stick to the coast mainly, whereas our fellow traveller would visit the herds of deer, seek out the owners in camps and in the hamlets, hold meetings with them, addressing them as to their reported differences, their quarrels, their neglect of the deer and their other interests, studying their economic and sociological conditions as well. But at the last minute Dr. Greist surrendered the thought of accompanying the party and for various reasons, or perhaps because of mere "hunches", anyway we gave it up. A little later came a wireless from Dr. Somerndike asking that we not go, account his belief that we would jeopardise our health and much else. However, that message reached us not until a fortnight after we would have left Barrow had we gone. But folks in New York, knowing so utterly little of arctic conditions, would necessarily be demi-gods, else maintain (as they may) uninterrupted communication with heaven itself, to wisely advise the arctic missionary as to the minutiae of his every day labor. For sixteen years we have been charged with a parish covering a thousand miles of arctic coast, its evangelism and the health of its inhabitants as well, but for some strange reason we have been consistently denied the opportunity to personally cover more than half of same notwithstanding in the promotion literature of the Board of National Missions it is averred repeatedly that "Dr. Greist covers his parish semi-annually". We give no credit to the "powers that be" in New York for our having not gone to Demarcation Point this time, but to Providence alone. However, we are disappointed greatly, that, after so many years in charge this evangelism, immediately, we leave for the states never to return and without having been fifteen miles East of Point Barrow since first coming to this mission. 'Tis a reflection, but we are not blamable.

The Official of the Government went, and duly he returned, and most surely has very orderly wired reports to his superiors. We are not authorized to quote him, nor do we in that which follows, but by questioning and cross-questioning we have arrived at a goodly array of facts, findings, covering his itinerary, which to any sane man presents conditions unbelievable under the stars and stripes, a reflection upon our so-called civilization, a shameful situation inconsistent with a Christian government.

Be it said by way of explanation, that on that long, desolate coast extending from Point Barrow in a South-Eastern direction to the frontier, some five hundred miles, there were but two or three families residing in 1918. But with that year and the following, there occurred an exodus from Barrow and points South to this "promised land" of alleged plenty, meaning better trapping, hunting, etc. Traders sought to scatter the people, asserting with some logic, that to get away from the centers, from the church which was alleged to claim too much of their time and care, they would fare better economically. And some four-hundred or more natives wended their way to parts to them unknown, in search of the Eldorado of their dreams. Traders of course followed, but, as said above, not the missionary, nor the school teachers, although for eighteen years the Bureau of Education and its successor, the Office of Indian Affairs, have been discussing

and debating and arguing ways and means, but doing nothing. True, the Board of National Missions has a representative at Barter Island, Licentiate Andrew - Akootchoak, authorized by Yukon Presbytery to preach the Gospel and to organize Sunday Schools up and down that immediate coast, but in many years service the Board has paid Andrew not a cent of wage, much less salary. He has served the needs of his people to the utmost of his ability, unsung, unrewarded and at his own personal expense as to time, dogs, maintenance of said dog-team, etc., a few friends in the states only helping him as best they may with an occasional mission box of old clothing, toys, books, and second-hand literature for his Sunday Schools. By pastoral letters and by books only has Dr. Greist been able to encourage Andrew Akootchook whom he trained for some years personally in his manse at Barrow, sending him forth as said, a duly licentiate of presbytery, but sans wage, sans support of any sort saving intercessory prayer, and Andrew has done nobly, leading souls to the Savior, shepherding his flock, reproving, rebuking, exhorting, teaching, serving in a hundred helpful ways, and all freely without thought of earthly reward. But he has been the sole help on that coast, and he with a large family to support. God has not forgotten him in that he has fared far better than many and as well as the most favored, in that during this time of stress, famine, starvation, he has not wanted seriously as to his own family, but the church at large merits no thanks. Providentially only has he subsisted but that is another story tho a good one.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson said fifty years since, that in time trapping would become poor, even all but nil, that without some economical support or means of livlihood the Eskimo would die off from utter starvation. Members of Congress said, "Foolish talk, the talk of a dreamer, an impractable man." And Congress would do nothing when Dr. Jackson appealed for Congressional aid in securing reindeer from Siberia for introduction among the Eskimo as semi domesticated means of food supplies. Finally he was granted a small pittance with which he purchased a few deer, shipped them to Alaska, hired Laplanders to teach the Eskimo their care, then went back to Washington in the effort to secure further funds to import more deer, in which effort he was partially successful. And the years have proven Dr. Jackson far seeing, wiser by far than his detractors, and today conditions amply justify his "calamity howling" in that trapping is gradually become an exceedingly precarious means of subsistence with the natives of the arctic coast.

Last winter, the ice conditions were such that very few seal were had in the far Eastern regions, and fewer fish were caught. Caribou are exceedingly scarce for hundreds of miles this side of Demarcation Point account the activities of wolves, and Mountain Sheep are likewise becoming very scarce and most difficult to obtain whereas until very recently they were to be had in abundance within those mountainous regions just back from the coast, even being used for dog-feed in emergencies, and again wolves are largely responsible, it is believed. Very few reindeer are left from that small herd driven eastwards from Barrow in 1920, and this account not only wolves, but because, too, of the large Eskimo population with no supervision or help from the Federal or Territorial Governments whatever. Not since the Revenue and Coast Guard "BEAR" went to Demarcation Point many years since and placed the marker at the International boundary has any representative of government gone beyond Flaxman Island until Daugherty went this late winter. Two hundred children between the ages of six and sixteen are there to be found, with no school within four hundred miles. Just think of that! ye who pride yourselves upon our civilizarion and our alleged loyalty to our ideals, the public school of America, the allegation that every child under the flag may have an education as an inalienable birthright. There those children have been for eighteen years, and no school yet. And why? Echo answers, Why? Wm. T. Lopp energetically sought as far back as 1925 to solve the problem, at first planned schools at some three several points in those regions, but had difficulty in securing sufficient appropriation therefor. It was proposed to go into partnership with the old Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church we to supply a missonary-teacher, the Bureau of Education to supply the buildings and fuel, or some such scheme, the teachers being of course necessarily natives. Then, later, Mr. Lopp became interested in the matter of building in Barrow a central boarding school, to bring down from the S.E. coasts each

autumn by means of the Bureau of Education M/S "BOXER" (later, the "NORTHSTAR") such children as were arrived at school age, clothe them, feed them, care for them in dormitories, regulate their habits as to sleep and eating (not one family in a hundred has a care as to this within the home), give them native food - reindeer and seal as would appear best, train them in their native arts, boat and sled building, sewing, and home making, etc., and the while have them under care of a competent physician in the hospital hard by, as well as under the immediate supervision of a graduate nurse within the school. Dr. Greist had worked out this idea throughout the previous years, had won the local school teacher to his thought, and so, when we got Mr. Lopp on this coast that year we cornered him one night at 8 o'c, and for an hour fought up-hill, faced with his jushing attitude towards the whole scheme,, but within another hour we had him enthusiastically drawing plans, figuring costs, maintenance schemes, etc., and not until 2 A.M. did we leave that table desk. Mr. Lopp expressed it as his intention to go into the idea with all energy so soon as he would reach his office in Seattle, mayhap going in time to Washington to make a special personal effort tosecure the necessary appropriation. But, en route to Seattle, he seems to have received a wire from Washington, asking his resignation. Sec'y Fall (later of Tea Pot Oil fame, and in time, if we err not, a resident of Atlanta at Government expense), had a favorite whom he and his political henchmen desired to reward, and so, wished Lopp's shoes to pass on to the other. Hence, our scheme for a central educational plant which would have insured literacy to all the school children of this long North coast went glimmering. And during the intervening years (some eleven of them) nothing, absolutely nothing has been done saving an occasional talk-fest. The children are growing up uncared for medically, illiterate, pagan saving as to the very little religious training their parents can give, parents who long years since had a smattering of religion here in Barrow but in mean while have absorbed once ag in a large amount of superstitious taboos, and spiritual Christianity is all too patently absent from their daily lives, licentiousness, immorality generally being too often the rule.

No vaccination whatever has been had by way of immunization against infectious disease. Bad teeth, tonsils, poor health resulting therefrom plus under-nourishment, run riot. Their "index" is very low, judging from reports and from such personal contacts and examinations as the writer has been privileged to make.

The dogs are practically all dead, very few being left for team work. This is wholly due to starvation this last winter.

Some families went as long as four days without any food whatever. One mother boiled the father's boots of seal skin and fed them to her children. Another family of half-breeds removed the skin covering from the family kyak, cooked it, and ate it, but not until they were on the verge of dissolution from starvation. All this, this last early spring.

There is insufficient deer and caribou left for skin-clothing-- garments made from the tanned hides from these animals. And further clothing cannot be had from the trading post owing to exhaustion of stocks on credit. Children went barefooted all winter in some families, and this within the arctic, not in Tennessee.

One Scotch trader with a family of some sixteen children and grand-children served his starving neighbors until he overreached himself in that he not only sold on credit (actually gave it away) his stocks of food stuffs but had impoverished his family as subsequent events proved. Since Xmas he has fed his family on white flour and dried carrots, that and that alone, having no sugar, tea, coffee, corn meal, oats, cereals of any sort, milk, yeast, baking powder or soda, no fruits, dried or tinned, no fruit juices, no tomatoes. He helped others while his little lasted, then took a chance with them as to starvation. He long since ceased to keep accounts, his creditors having nothing in prospect with which to pay their scores. So what is the use? Nor can he buy stocks of the jobber, impoverished to the last degree. And what a pity!

The physical resistance of that people is such that, with a possible epidemic, almost surely all will die. 'Tis a most serious situation. The query most prominent is, What is the Government going to do about it?-- what will the authorities do worth while to aid those helpless people? Talk is cheap, material aid is

more costly, it is true, but after all is said and done it is the only thing we consider worth while, and we again say-- Why argue, and debate and discuss ways and means, and then argue some more and debate the whole thing through once again from the start only to arrive no where at adjournment sine die? The way in which to do a thing is to do it and to do it now.

Mr. Daugherty on his own responsibility bought $75 worth of flour and ammunition (some 300 lbs flour and a wee small supply of the cartridges, since everything up that way is most costly), and sent the stuff back from eighty miles this side the stricken district. But that will not last indefinitely with a large population, think you?

As proved by "A century of dishonorable" dealing with the Red Men by Washington, it is very generally yet believed that "a dead Indian (and Washington knows not the difference between an Eskimo and a Red Man)-- "A dead Indian is the only good Indian". So, 'tis wisdom as well as economy to let him die even of starvation since we require much money with which to build our political fences this election year, and can ill afford to waste it upon an Eskimo-Indian. Sarcasm? Maybe, but there is also more truth than fiction in our radicalism so called.

Mr. Daugherty also issued an arbitrary order to those people, "Kill any and all deer found, regardless as to ownership or if with fawn or no-- kill anything and everything eatable if so be that you can possibly find anything, and talk about it later on." And Mr. Daugherty ventures the opinion that, with the little help given, and with the fences thrown down as to any restrictions regarding the few reindeer left, any caribou to be found, any moose (there are very very few in that region) or mountain sheep if peradventure one or two may be had, he believes that "maybe" they can pull through after a fashion pending the arrival of the ships on that coast in August, if so be that the ice will permit said ships to get into those waters. 'Tis a gamble, but better that than nothing.

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SCHOOLTEACHER STOWELL

Mr. Stowell of Wainwright, Local Sup't of the Office of Indian Affairs, was a visitor within Barrow for a few days, the guest of Dr. Greist at the manse. He was sorry to have missed Mr. Daugherty who had gone to the South Eastern coast.

MRS. HOPSON, RELICT OF ALFRED H. HOPSON

Mrs. Alfred H. Hopson, Sr., widowed since our epidemic of Influenza one year since, died some months since as reported in a former issue of THE NORTHERN CROSS, at or near Cape Halket, at the home of her son, Steve. In mid-winter, with travel precluded by storms, the body was interred temporarily in a mausoleum built from hard frozen snow blocks until such time as she deceased might be brought down to Barrow to be interred properly at the side of her deceased husband. This was done this week (as of May 28th). A short service was held at the grave side, a mile or more from Barrow. The big bobsled was filled with chairs, all members of the family here, and a few friends, by tractor were taken to the cemetery. A quartet of singers were enlisted. And amid a snow storm, a cold and nasty day, with fogs coming in from the sea hard by, we laid to rest the body of this good woman to there remain until such time as the Lord shall descend and call her by name to be reunited with her spirit, her soul and spirit being now with Him.

For long a faithful member of Barrow church, a very Christ-like woman in her contacts, a good mother, her great concern seemed her children. She so wished them to prove worthy their high calling as Christian members of the community.

Alfred Jr., ruling elder of Barrow church, was forced to leave for the far inland where he had left his family a few days previous, fearful that his return to them would be cut off by rising rivers owing to thawing of the snows in the hinterland. Steve arrived with the body the evening of the very morning on which the older brother had left for home.

An older sister resides in the states.

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"THE ARCTIC CUBS"-- BARROW SCHOOL PAPER

An interesting sheet is the "Arctic Cubs", and it is improving in make-up and in editorial work. All work is done by the children. Many illustrations are contained, all made free-handed. These depict hunting scenes, whaling ventures, the whaling festivities, or celebrations held after successful whaling. Again we congratulate the teachers. But we wish no mention had been made of the ancient pagan dances which, we contend, are inconsistent with a Christian people lately come from out heathenism. The pagan matters should be allowed to be forgotten.

REV. AND MRS. FREDERICK G. KLEREKOPER

The new appointees, the new missionaries to Point Barrow Mission, will reach Barrow, it is expected, on the "North Star", the boat on which Dr. and Mrs. Greist expect to sail for the states.

The Rev. Mr. Klerekoper graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary with the class of 1934, and recently he and Mrs. Klerekoper have served the Board of National Missions in Skagwey of S.E. Alaska.

Mrs. Klerekoper is not only a collegiate graduate in arts, but likewise is thoroughly trained in an Eastern Hospital school for nurses, which latter training will assuredly do her no harm as the wife of an Alaskan missionary, even tho sheis not the prospective employe of the late Presbyterian Hospital of Barrow which is now become a government hospital, owned and maintained by the Dep't of the Interior Office of Indian Affairs.

The NORTHERN CROSS bespeaks the confidence of the church, her continued loyal support and prayerful interest, her intercessory and material support of these young people who, on call of the church, brave the unknown arctic to engage in that evangelism which has so tried mens' souls not infrequently locally, has tested the spiritual stuff from which they are made, has calloused more than one man's knees and makes for gray hairs but not necessarily for a poor showing on heaven's books which will call for "pay" or a reward adequately given when He comes.

The strangely peculiar tendency towards the retrograde, even among this Northern folk, the Eskimo, for they like white men the world over are after all is said and done, merely human and subject to temptation— they are far from being angelic as yet. We write as of July 15, some weeks after the last article, that of page 8 was penned, and since then that devilish dance has . . . "come back", not once, but twice, first on the occasion of a "nellaquotuk", or celebration of a successful whaling, and, later, on the Fourth of July. A very large per centum of the members of Barrow Church were in attendance, if not as participants. Our friend, the local school teacher, a Christian gentleman, looked in on the dance for a few minutes (he has been among the Eskimo but two years), and later said to the editor, "Christ is not in that dance". No, He is not, and could our Christian friend have seen similar pagan dances as had down below, at villages where license is tolerated to a greater degree, where some missionary is more tolerant, or less adamant in his attitude, he would in all probability have added-- "but the devil is". What cares the average white man who comes to the arctic-- what cares he for the spirituality of the Eskimo? Not once in a hundred cases does he believe the Eskimo capable of spirituality, if nominal religion. Nor does he care. He exploits the native for what he can get from out him, and with that ~~goes~~ he has no further concern. Coming for this or that purpose, they have an idle curiosity to see that which the Dep't of the Interior is pleased to term the "Art" of the Eskimo dance. Like the Scotchman we know in Wyoming, a member of the Old Kirk back at home, but forgetful of his 'religion' when in America, apologising for regular work at his trade on the Lord's day and habitual absence from church, he said: "When I leave home to seek my fortune in America I say, 'good bye God, when I have made my pile I come back to hunt you up". And too many who come to the arctic temporarily only, . . apparently feel just that way about it, and give us little sympathetic support in our endeavor to inculcate not merely nominal religion, but spiritual Christianity between which there is a difference as great as between pole and pole. We may not legislate men into the kingdom of God, nor can we by mere social welfare secure for them a ticket for heaven, as too many social workers contend but we can by witnessing for Him, by precept and by example as well, and through eternal vigilance as to the young and even the elderly members of the 'flock', and through the active assistance of the Holy Spirit, succeed in saving some. But God be thanked, we as missionaries are not responsible for results, but we are responsible for faithful testimony, for consistent lives, for preachments of the Truth and against evils diverse in character. And chief among these evils in so far as the Eskimo are concerned, the one evil through which many minor (?) evils come, the daddy of them all in so far as ancestry can play a part, the Pandora's box, if we be permitted a change of figure is the dance. From it come adulteries, fornications, license of every sort, neglect of children, neglect of home, neglect

of churchly duty, and God only knows what else. The devil is in the dance. And there is sufficient said.

The Eskimo of the North has a great ambition to become a church-member, believes that he will inevitably lose social caste if he shall fail to "get in" ere he is fifteen yrs of age. Too readily will they respond to the call to the alter, mumble an incoherent prayer, rise and claim to be converted! When we came out to Alaska in 1920, we overheard our general missionary say: "It will be easy to work this people up to a religious furore of excitement, but . ." However, we have never seen an excited Eskimo, religiously, nor one unduly emotional. We would that more were inclined to emotion, not the excitable variety, not the frenzied sort seen oft times in Negro revivals and in certain cults within the states, but more of that which betokens a very real heart conflict, a deep seated desire for God and His righteousness, Jesus Christ. We wish often times to see more evidence of conviction, nauseau account sin, fear of the devil, anxiety as to judgment to come, an earnest endeavor to escape hell fire. Nor have we failed in presenting Jesus Christ as the one Way. We have consistently preached the Cross from every angle. And we are thankful to believe that there are those who have been heart-changed, born again, actually and sincerely-- not "reformed", but converted, if you will. And after all, the wheat is mixed tares, and will so remain until He comes. However, "offenses" have come-- will probably continue to come, pray, and preach, and witness as we will. The missionary can but do his utmost as to his fight against the world, the flesh and the devil, let transient or other whites do and say and think as they will.

THE NORTHERN CROSS pleads for the prayers of the church for the in-coming missionaries, the Rev. and Mrs. Klerekoper. They will need the united prayers of all God's intercessory ones, for prayer "availeth much in the working" provided it come from the bowed knee of His Faithful folk back at home. Be sure to send plenty of "ammunition" and Klerekoper will do the "shooting" if we are not seriously mistaken. Let us all do our part. May the Lord Jesus through His Spirit give Klerekoper grace and strength and the courage of his convictions, let the chips fall where they may. J.J.V.D.

FEDERAL REPRESENTATIVES HERE BOTH FROM WASHINGTON AND JUNEAU

By special plane on the 8th July, the following gentlemen, representatives of the Indian Office, Dep't of the Interior, dropped into Barrow for inspection of both the hospital about to be relinquished to the government, and the schools, locally, Dr. Jas. G. Townsend, Director of Health, Washington, D.C., Dr. J. F. van Ackersen, Chief of the Medical Service, Juneau, David E. Thomas, Chief of the Alaska Section, Washington, D.C., and Claude M. Hirst, Director of Education, Juneau, Alaska, with Pilot, Chester Brown, of the National Airways Transport, Nome, Alaska, one of the most responsible pilots in all Alaska.

They looked us thoroughly over, planned the future improvements of the hospital property, hired a native staff, the present employes of the Presbyterian Hospital the janitor, Lee Suvlu, together with the two kitchen maids, Terza Ungerook and Ella, daughter of Massoo, all dependable and highly recommended by Sup't Henry W. and Mrs. Greist.

We found these gentlemen a most companionable bunch of men, courteous and affable, and withall interested in our far North community. Seldom has a group of men come into our midst who seemed more humanly likable, and we regretted to part as we said, Come again.

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JULIA HAS TWINS

Born, to Raymond and Julia Sigovano on May 19th, twin baby girls, named Mollie and Rebecca.

Very frail, premature, little Rebecca fought hard for life with the doctor constantly within hospital and really in attendance during the first thirty-six hours of her life, and she lived, strangely, for some thirty days, but in the end gave up and died. Mollie, on contrary, had more vitality, and survives to date, this being July 17th. Rebecca weighed but 3½ lbs, whereas Mollie's weight was 5¼ lbs.

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THE GREISTS BUSILY PACKING TO LEAVE

It is no joke, that of getting ready to leave 'for good' after sixteen years residence in one community. We cannot make a "sale" -- no one here to buy, and we do not wish to throw away good property. We had almost entirely furnished the

old manse ere it burned in 1924, but saved little, one or two valuable pieces of furniture only but not a pocket-handerchief by way of clothing. However, during the years we have collected quite a lot of stuff which we value highly.

We hope to get away in early August, but everything depends upon the ice movement. Throughout the day of the Furth of July snow storms were had. Ice formed that night in exposed locations, and even as we write snow lies upon the ground which fell during the night. With a N.E. wind, however, and a stiff blow at that, the ice will soon move since it is loose tho tightly packed, heavy masses of it. But currents and the wind will master it.

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"THE BARROW BETTER BABIES" -- THAT MOTHERS' CLUB

It yet functions after all these years, some fifteen or sixteen of them. And it is conducted uniquely, different from any similar organization anywhere found, we dare assert.. During a Thursday afternoon meeting, recently, and while the Federal representatives were here from Washington and Juneau, Dr. Van Ackeren happened in the hospital and we conducted him to the kitchen door. He stood amazed, astounded, for within that large kitchen some twelve or fifteen babies were stripped naked, and either standing or lying within tiny individual baths, were being rubbed, scrubbed and otherwise 'polished' by the respective mothers until the little tots glowed and fairly glistened from the toweling had. Said he, after he had taken it all in: "Well, this is great, very great, simply wonderful," and he a medical man in charge all the governmental medical work in Alaska. Mrs. Greist felt elated, greatly appreciated his reaction.

How Mrs. Greist regrets to leave these many babies and these relatively incompetent mothers! For years they have depended upon her in a very real way. 'Tis not an easy matter to secure a 'movie' of this outfit, but we propose to attempt it to the end that we may show you home folks just how unique it is, and yet some of you may be inclined to smile. The mothers are not dressed in afternoon gowns such as you are accustomed to see at your various club functions.

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TRANSFER PROBLEMS

With the transfer of the hospital property to the Federal government there arises many serious problems as to the missionary in charge. With the hospital goes our large coal sheds, 20 x 50 ft, in which is stored our fuel supply, the only storage we have. The big underground meat cellar or cold storage plant, is also taken over by the Office of Indian Affairs. The newly constructed ware-house, for which we had pleased for many years and which we built but two years since and with pardonable pride as to every detail, also goes 'glimmering'. We have a garage in the basement of the hospital, that lower floor so arduously constructed on our return, involving so serious engineering problems, hence we will have no shelter for our tractor, nor work-shop for repairs in iron or wood. Pending success in our attempt to persuade the Board of Nat'l Missions to build for us a ware-house and garage combined, with coal shed as a lean-to, we will store coal in the open, and manage in some fashion as to tractor and the much which we have for use of the mission. An old and tiny oil house, will hold some of our supplies, and we have piled lumber in the church, 'Tis an humbler of pride. Formerly, we were elated to show chance travellers over the premises; now we will tack a placard on the front door, "Not at Home", and particularly since always they are interested more particularly in the hospital and unique meat storage and similar peculiar make-shifts rather than in the church and manse. Samson is shorn of his locks.

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HOW MRS. GREIST REMEMBERS IT

During the first period of our life in Barrow I assisted Dr. Greist in his surgery on occasion, having no official appointment from the Board of Nat'l Missions

The most outstanding and permanent of my accomplishments was that organization, "The Mothers' and Babies' Club", together with the Sewing and Knitting Class among the girls.

The manse burned on December 19, 1924, and we suffered total loss of clothing, bedding, and all other personal property saving a very little of the furniture on lower floor, including Dr. Greist's private surgical instruments in an expensive cabinet of plate glass which Miss Mueller assisted by the young school teacher alone carried out, as heavy as it was.

From Xmas until the boats came in August we lived after a fashion in the little

old building belonging to Mr. Brower, one time a trading post, very small, full of whaling gear, shelving, odds and ends, but-- we were thankful for it.

Returning after a bit of recuperation, we have during the years added many comforts and conveniences to the mission such as building the new manse, remodelling the interior of the church, putting in new foundations of the hospital, constructing the entire upper floor, and building with in the basement many rooms such as one for the janitor, one for food storage free from frost, an engine room wherein are the generators, a completely furnished garage, iron and wood working benches and essential tools, many windows added, a complete ventilation system to the hospital (there was absolutely no ventilation supplied when it was said to be complete and was turned over by the builder to Dr. Greist as the Board's missionary doctor), in fact the hospital was not more than 60% complete when he assumed charge and during the years has gradually put it in as nearly perfect shape as was possible in face of our reduced budget. A big coal house was built, a ware-house also had, and a unique underground cavernous meat storage plant, a great room eighteen feet long, twelve feet wide, and seven feet high, fourteen feet under ground, wherein the temperature is always below freezing. The Doctor has not only been the medical man, the surgeon, busy with the sick from hundreds of miles along this coast, but likewise has been preacher to three churches, and to fill in the odd moments has been the architectural carpenter, builder, blacksmith, electritian.(before Mr. Morgan was sent here as Government wireless operator), driver of the tracter, dog musher, andgeneral repair man. He has never had a moment when he could relax and believe himself free, free like the ordinary man, but has always been at the beck and call of a thousand dities and the many individuals who depend upon him. It is far from a lazy man's task. And I tried to keep the pot boiling, not only for a hungry husband but for the many half starved Eskimo as well. Nor have I told the half of our tasks, of the "white elephant" sent up this way by the builder for the Board, an immense brick chimney for the hospital, a joke for a thousand miles, since no Alaskan builds a brick flue to his house acco account the earth's frozen condition and glacial ice beneath. The Doctor had to t tear that chimney out, tear that chimney out (it probably represented two thousand dollars as to cost) and he placed a steel stack satisfactorily in its place. So very many errors were made in the construction of the hospital in the beginning, but it better forgotten. All plumbing was likewise e left for the Doctor to do, the builder crawfishing out of the job. A large brook ran underneath the hospital building which the carpenter advised be let alone, little knowing arctic conditions. The Doctor hauled nearly one thousand cubic yards of soil in the effort to overcome that handicap alone and save the property from that stream's erratic high jinks in flood time. There was no way for us to get water, no wells, cisterns, springs, or other potable water near. Hence, we put in a big 25 bbl tank in basement to which a pump on second floor was attached. A little 25 gallon range boiler was installed by the builder, he evidently thinking it all we would need. In it he instructed us to pace ice, and that melted ice was supposed to supply the laundry, the cooking menage, etc. The Doctor tore that out within a year, placed two iron tanks in a room adjoining the kitchen, each holding 100 gallons both connected with the kitchen range that we might have water in sufficiency. He is not only gray headed, but that hair of his is now white, and no wonder. Some have been sainted by the Roman church for less by far.

We so wanted a tubercular annex, a ward as well for contagious diseases, and we sorely needed these but were denied them. The Germantown (Penn'a) mens' Bible Class presented the Doctor with sufficient mat material from which to construct a large porch without, on sheltered side of hospital, 50 feet long by 12 feet wide, and on this we ingeniously arranged to pitch several tents wherein we placed tubercular patients. We have had as many as five serious cases out there.

We have likewise ditched the entire mission grounds, drained it well, did this in 1922, soon after coming to Barrow, and our grounds have been the best ever, beautifully dry and green and clean.

The Doctor erected a tall flag pole which he made, having no pole ready at hand as nature grows them. On this we fly the Stars and Stripes on occasion. And I did a little land-scaping, putting a big whale's skull near by, his scapulae

and a few vertebrae. They attract much attention when the ships are in port. I cannot have flowers without, nor evergreens or shrubbery. Folks who visit South Eastern Alaska, or even Fairbanks, think they have seen Alaska, but they know little of the arctic, in fact nothing at all. The largest shrub or plant which grows naturally here is not larger than a lead pencil and trails upon the ground. It is too cold. Ice is always to be found not twelve inches below the surface even in August. We wear our furs when without all summer.

O yes, I forgot to mention the many board walks built about our premises, also, since we cared not to walk through deep slushy snow in summer, or in wet grass and mud when it rains as some years it does. So the Doctor, from scraps carefully saved and from lumber bought and paid for by our people locally, and from donated material, has built splendid walks from hospital to manse, and from manse to the church, and has this week completed his portion of a similar walk between the manse and the Government school, a continuation of that between the manse and hospital. In the states, we let "George do it", and -- but it cannot be done here.

So many friends of this work have nobly responded through the "Specific Work" Dep't and have supplied us with a hundred things so lacking and so utterly essential, and we are thankful. These seem now to have belonged from the beginning, but not so, and among them may be mentioned the invalid's chair, a nursery chair, a sewing machine, (No more man would think a hospital would need a sewing machine), a broadcasting radio which however we could not make use of, a Violet Ray lamp, an electric ironer or mangle, many new mattresses, new shades throughout for the windows, a good organ for the manse, and the Lindburghs donated electric lighting fixtures for the new manse. A folding table, a set of fishes, trays, pots and pans, enamel ware, and many tiny cups for the children at Mothers' Club who are given milk or cocoa., and lastly, but not least, the soap, oranges, eggs, rice and crackers which are yearly supplied for the sick, the undernourished, the children and old people, and all aside from our regular supply, has all been graciously given and has proven of so great assistance.

And then what about the mission boxes, the linen, gowns, blankets, comforters, surgical dressings, baby clothes in sufficient amount to supply all new born babies on this North coast, plus the many hundreds of articles sent by way of clothing and toys and piece goods, yarn, etc., and the many personal gifts.

During the years we have served the following numbers of the ill:

Clinical cases - - - - - - -	53,815
Bed patients - - - - - - -	1,244
Births in hospital - - - - -	168
Deaths in hospital - - - -	121

Dr. Greist has officiated at innumerable weddings, baptisms of infants, many funerals, and has confirmed into the church many young people, conducted weekly Bible classes within the manse for systematic study of the Word, Sunday School Teachers' classes, ordained many new elders throughout the years, organized churches, licensed at least two young men as preachers on authority of Yukon Presbytery, and this after having a large share in their training, at least as to one, and in all has made just 44 trips between Barrow and Wainwright, serving that village and church in various ways, the church as minister, the village medically. And this work alone has proven most trying for a man past his prime. It calls for red blood and brawn, believe me. The average doctor from the states would make that trip just once and then say: Excuse me! Tenting out at night in high winds, darkness and low temperatures of minus 50 F., is no joke. He comes home exhausted, worn, mentally and physically, and with hair just a wee bit whiter if that be possible. And yet, with all this labor, he is paid but about 40% of that a governmental doctor receives for doing infinitely less. But he has served as unto God, doing it for conscience' sake, not for the 'pay' since he has been offered a government job twice with regular salary, and that offer included me, the Indian Office offering me a salary, personally, some larger than that the Doctor is now receiving. We turned the tempting offers down, because we came not to Alaska with a view to earning money, primarialy, but for the one purpose of service evangelically, and evangelistically as well. And we have enjoyed it all, and when we are gone back home we will miss it all, miss it more than words can express.

We are going home, back to our old home in Monticelloo, Indiana, my birth place. Hope to see you all. W. W. Greist

INDIANS AGAIN

There is and ever has been a strange antipathy between the Indian and the Eskimo. To the dateless past a feud has existed between the two native-- 'races', shall we say, within Alaska. The Eskimo fights only in defense of home and his, but the Indian attacks for the mere love of it. Consequently, all historical conflicts have on the part of the Eskimo been defensive. Every so often trouble brews, the Indians come to seek it through crossing the mountains into that country the Eskimo claims, the vast tundras North of the Endicotts and Brooks range.

Many incidents have occurred throughout the years which have left indelible impressions. Two years since, in dead of winter night, an Indian entered Barrow, broke into houses empty of occupants, stole property and decamped. Young men guarded the village for several nights, but saw nothing thereafter. This also occurred a year later. The Indian is known from his peculiar shoe or moccasin, and an Eskimo ca tell at once from the manner of his trail that an Indian has been abroad. Seven years since, two lads, one recently back from a foreign school, were sent inland some fifty miles, but never have returned. A party of men, well armed, searched for them later, followed their trail, found their camp, saw at once that Indians had attacked, followed for two hundred miles a rapidly growing 'hot' trail, but in the end snow storms obliterated all traces, and the men retured to Wainwright having failed. A year later, one of the dogs driven by the young men returned home.

Twenty years since, up the Kobuck river, an Eskimo in defense of his honor and home shot two Indians and wounded a third. War to the death was then declared by the reds. They have threatened repeatedly to 'get' Eskimo a'plenty.

A few weeks since, Rex Floyd, son of Elder Floyd of Barrow Church, a lad of 23, married, was hired by Mr. Chas. D. Brower to go far inland some 250 miles for birds and eggs for museum purposes. He was accompanied by Brower's adopted son, a grandson of Mrs. Brower, Charlie Edwardson, a lad of 16. Separated by a mile or more one day, and by an intervening lake and hill, Charlie was attacked by a young buck Indian who had hidden in the bushes, was knocked down, his gun taken from him, his rubber hip-boots cut into shreds, his trousers torn and cut to the hips, his face and lips bruised by blows, and then the Indian drew his knife to finish the lad. Just then an older and very tall Indian appeared and stopped the younger man, grasped his wrist and jerked the hand away from the boy where the knife was held to the lad's heart. An altercation followed, a hot argument, the older man evidently deeming the boy a white (he shows his white blood more than that of his Eskimo mother), and after stripping the boy of all his property they turned him loose. Charlie ran around the lake, met Rex, told his story briefly, and they ran to their camp ten miles distant, tore down their tent, shipped their belongings and jumped into the canoe and started pell mell down the long tortuous river for home, twelve days distant. Soon after sailing, they heard a rifle shot, at some distance, believed of course to be fired by one of the Indians since there were no Eskimo within four or five days travel.

'Tis very unfortunate, since that is reindeer country, and the best trapping ground in all Alaska, and many Eskimo are or have been going over that way. Even now some five families of our people are in camp not far from that place, camped on the foot hills of the mountains, fishing, trapping, and hunting. Some anxiety is felt for their safety. Had Charlie been a full blooded Eskimo, there is no question in the mind of Mr. Brower as to his fate-- he would have been shot at once.

How we need a police force in Alaska similar to that of the Canadian Royal Mounted. The nearest military post is at Haines, down near Skagway, two thousand miles distant as one travels. Uncle Sam looks well after the relatively crowded section of S.E. Alaska (whites) but seemingly cares little for the few in the N.W. and Arctic North. Some believe the Indians belong to a wild tribe residing in some valley within the Brooks range, inaccessable, never discovered by whites. Again, it is suggested these renegades come across the mountains from the interior. The taller Indian had a rifle, modern, and a bag full of ammunition. The younger buck had no gun until he took Charlie's shot gun from the lad.

Sooner or later a tragedy will occur, in all probability, which will stir this community to frenzy, but what can we do? Nothing.--Nothing now, at least. We consider the danger as very real.